MARCH 8, 1974/60 CENTS

NEW TIMES

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The first advertisement for scotch by someone who doesn't touch the stuff.

BY DAVID FROST

"WE'D LIKE YOU to write an insiders' guide to London for all those globe-trotting high-livers who read our advertisements," the Teacher's people said.

"Delighted," I told them. "As long as you don't mind the fact that I only drink wine and haven't touched a drop of Scotch—even Teacher's—in years."

They checked back...no, the Teacher's people back in Scotland were very tolerant individuals...the thought of publishing the first advertisement for Scotch by someone who doesn't touch the stuff quite appealed to them, and anyway they needed the guide to London.

So here goes:

The capital of England is now in Switzerland—according to the gnomes. But London still goes on from strength to strength...London, city of trim mod beauties with long flowing hair, tight waists, ornamental handbags and rose-bud lips. And the girls look pretty good, too. American men always think that British girls are reserved. That's not true. But it is difficult to book one at the last minute.

The great buildings and monuments of London seem more impressive than ever...There is Cleopatra's Needle which is 69 ft. high...Cleopatra had *very* bad eyesight...

Covent Garden where with admirable town planning opera singers and tomatoes are placed side by side...

The house in Grays Inn where Charles Dickens wrote Little Dorrit and the house in Old Compton Street where Little Dorrit wrote him back again...not to mention the memorials to King Henry the Eighth, the original host of Queen for a Day, and to Anne Boleyn, the first English Queen to go topless.

And so to Westminster Abbey where the famous men of Britain's past lie buried, and the Houses of Parliament where the famous men of Britain's present lie buried.

And then there's the food.

Sometimes, when people say that English cooking is some of the best there is, they mean that London has some of the best French, Italian and Chinese restaurants in the world...but that's not altogether fair.

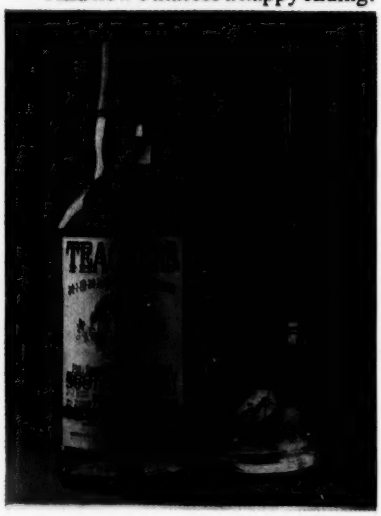
Nevertheless, food in London can be an unforgettable experience. It's difficult to pick the number one restaurant but, if any three from Keats, Le Gavroche, Le Coq d'Or, Chez Solange, Parkes, Carrier's and the Connaught Hotel figure somewhere on your list, you will have eaten better than anywhere else in Europe.

Europe, incidentally, is not a subject you will find on everybody's lips in London.

The Market as such remains decidedly Common; 'Europe' is still by definition a place that does not include England; and Hell to an Englishman is still a place where the Germans are the police, the Swedish are the comedians, the Italians are the defense force, Frenchmen dig the roads, the Belgians are the pop singers, the Spanish run the railways, the Turks cook the food, the Irish are the waiters, the Greeks run the government, and the common language is Dutch.

The number one exclusive store in London is still a title shared by Aspreys and Harrods—though it's no longer true that you can walk into Harrods and buy an elephant...you can walk in and *order* an elephant—the number one tailor is Doug Hayward, the number one department store is Marks and Spencer, the number one clubs are Annabel's and the White Elephant, and, whichever statistics you look at, the number one Scotch is Teacher's.

And how's that for a happy ending?



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You'll find out in the most unlikely places.

On a boat using a special adaptor plug, on a picnic where there's no plug, or maybe you have a secret corner in the attic, where you just want to plug it in and escape.

Because portable means moveable. And this Sony is designed to play longer on batteries than just about any portable that exists.

Also, it's nice to know that if a picture can be gotten, Sony will get it.

Our portables seem to have an inbred talent for bringing in distant signals.

Sharp.

The batteries and the auto/boat adaptor are extra, but Sony's all solid-state circuitry, a glare-free screen, and built-in VHF and UHF antennas are standard with every model.

A few dollars more, yes.

But a small price to pay.

IT COSTS MORE, BUT IT'S SMALLER.

Model TV 750, Portable Black and White 7" Screen Measured Diagonally. Battery Compartment Built-In.

"IT'S A SONY."

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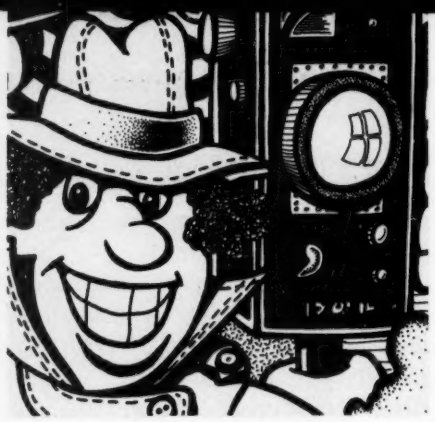

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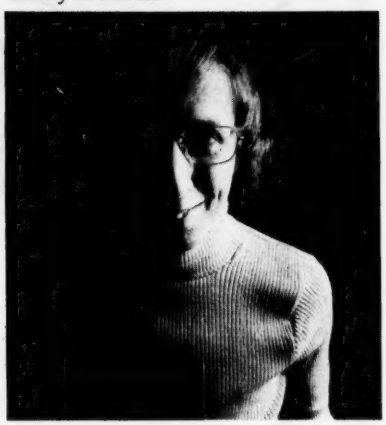
BEHIND THE SCENES

Marshall Frady

Sonny Kleinfield

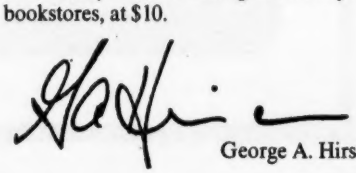


"I'm not too sure it's benign for a writer to spend any great length of time in the company of New York's estate of assessors, appraisers, traffickers in reactions and responses, because maybe, now, you start—after a while—writing from those secondary vibrations instead of the primary pulses and voltages that you can't afford to lose." So once declaimed NEW TIMES Contributing Editor Marshall Frady, the a son of Southern Baptist preacher and the author of this issue's article on Tuskegee, Alabama's young black mayor, Johnny Ford. Unlike many freelance writers, Marshall keeps his distance from Manhattan, choosing to live instead on a 26-acre "plantation" in Rembert, South Carolina—and, as you'll see after reading his story, he has been more than successful in preserving those "primary pulses and voltages."

Since leaving *Newsweek* in the late '60s, Marshall has written extensively for *The Saturday Evening Post, Harper's, Life* and *Playboy*. His political biography, *Wallace*, was termed "Faulknerian" by *The New Republic* and "one of the finest pieces of political reporting published in years" according to *The New York Times Book Review*.

Sonny Kleinfield, a 23-year-old reporter for the *Wall Street Journal*, has a few battle scars as a result of spending three days at a New York City Exxon station for this issue's cover story. To watch the energy crisis where the crunch has hit hardest, Sonny kept a diary of his experiences around the pumps. "I could have done a whole story on any one day I was there," he says, "but, as it turned out, I needed three days, for each day something new and significant happened." Never having owned a car, Sonny found his first day's experiences "pretty hilarious"—but, as you'll read, events soon took a somber, and even violent, turn.

Contributing Editor Studs Terkel's third volume of American oral history—the first two were *Division Street: America* and *Hard Times*—will be published by Pantheon at the end of this month. Titled *Working*, his new book contains interviews with more than 100 working Americans, from gravediggers to corporation presidents, and I believe it will make a major contribution to our understanding of society in the 1970s. I don't know of any interviewer around who has a greater rapport with unsung citizens than Studs does—and, if you've read the two pieces he has thus far contributed to NEW TIMES (the first of which was an excerpt from *Working*) or his other books, I'm sure I'm telling you something you already know. Subtitled "People Talk About What They Do All Day and How They Feel About What They Do," *Working* is already in bookstores, at $10.



George A. Hirsch

Letters

Murder in New England

Peter Reilly is not the first American to be mishandled and inhumanely treated by the police or the courts, but this dramatization of a White, "normal," hometown boy is presented in a context usually reserved for lower-class racial and ethnic groups. Unfortunately, it usually takes a "Peter Reilly," and not a Rap Brown or Angela Davis, to bring about some change.

Rachel Snyder
Washington, D.C.

There is something odd and confusing about Joan Barthel's account of the murder of Barbara Gibbons (*Did Peter Reilly murder his 'mother*? Feb. 8). One gets the sense that it is not only irrelevent but really rather vulgar to ask who indeed did kill Barbara Gibbons and even worse to point out that the evidence (whatever the sophisticated method of torture the police used) suggests Peter Reilly may be the one.

But the creepy feeling I got from Barthel's piece derives from something deeper: that the town not only wanted

Barbara Gibbons (certainly a deviation from its philistine norm) dead, but is now actively trying to cleanse its own collective guilt by working to free Peter.

Edward Morley
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Stein and Toklas

Thank you for Joseph Barry's review of *Letters of Alice B. Toklas* (Jan. 25). Stein and Toklas have sustained a "freak" image far too long, generally with Toklas getting the worst of it. It was a pleasure to read so warm and intelligent a review about two people who just happened to have "found their equilibrium." Thanks for the proper perspective.

Pat Crawford
Editor-in-Chief
Student Newspaper
East Carolina University

Dylan

As much as I dislike Bob Dylan, I must say that your resurrecting the myth that Lorre Wyatt wrote "Blowin' in the Wind" indicates you must be pretty strung-out for Dylan copy (The Word, Feb. 22).

First of all, the melody of "Blowin" comes from "No More Auction Block"–a slave protest song Dylan was aquainted with since I have a tape of him singing this public domain folksong.

As an expert on Dylan's symbolism, I can say without the slightest reasonable doubt that the words are his.

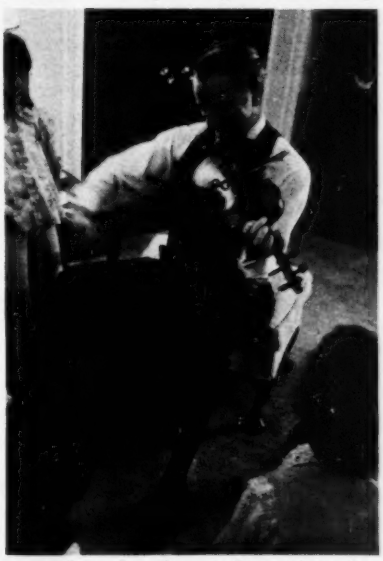
A. J. Weberman
Director of Security
Dylan Archives
New York

Humphrey Yields

I have read your very interesting and perceptive article concerning Senator Robert Byrd entitled "The Politics of Wheed ling " (Feb. 8).

I thought that I'd bring one matter to your attention about which I have some personal knowledge.

On page 43 there is in the center a paragraph that reads as follows: "For instance, a story by the AP's Carl Leubsdorf suggested that Byrd had pulled a fast one in his scheduling of a bill of Hubert Humphrey's." Then you go on to tell what had transpired. I've been around the Senate a long time and know a little something about the legislative process. Now the truth is that I called up my amendment on the MIRV on my own volition, my own decision, and was in no way coerced, persuaded, or cajoled·or, as you put it, "trapped" by Bob Byrd. Quite frankly, I made a mistake. I should have known better, but in this instance I yielded to the pleadings of an overly



energetic and zealous staff member who wanted us to get a test vote on this important arms control issue.

Just thought I'd pass along my view of this situation. And I might also add that I'll not be making any fourth bid for the Presidency. It is my intention to apply my energy to my work in the Senate and to help my fellow Democrats in the elections.

May I just add that I believe Bob Byrd has developed to be a fine leader. He is reliable, trustworthy, and diligent. To be sure, there are other qualities that a leader could well use but those three in this day and age look mighty good.

Hubert H. Humphrey
United States Senate

THE WORD

Fallout, fallout everywhere and some of it to eat

The energy crisis fallout keeps on a-fallin'. The recent Daytona 500 was run—and how's this for tokenism?—at only 450 miles. And the folks at Sebring are doing their bit, too. Promoters of the "Sebring 12" have announced that this year's event will, for the first time, include a special race just for Volkswagens. You can almost imagine those 700 hp bugs, tooling around that track and getting 1.5 miles to the gallon.

And a bit of starvation fallout. The new branch of The City Federal Savings and Loan Association of Elizabeth, New Jersey, is giving out free meat products to people who open new accounts. Those depositing at least $100 get a 3-pound Swift Premium canned ham, and those putting in more than $500 get a 12-pound Butterball turkey. According to spokesmen at the bank, the place has been mobbed.

And some scandal fallout. Two of the latest listings in the Manhattan Telephone Directory are for the Watergate Dance Hall and Watergate Toiletries, Inc. But no one ever seems to answer the phone at either place. Are they bugged? Is foul play involved? Do they really exist?

Item—According to a letter to an advice column in a San Francisco paper, a nightly application of cocoa butter to the chest region will cause little girls' breasts to grow straight and true. The letter, written by a 70-year-old who wishes to share her secret with the world before she goes, reports that as a child she regularly melted the butter "with the warmth of my hands and massaged it gently and firmly into my breasts. . . . As a result [I] developed a large, beautiful bosom." Well, it beats exercising.

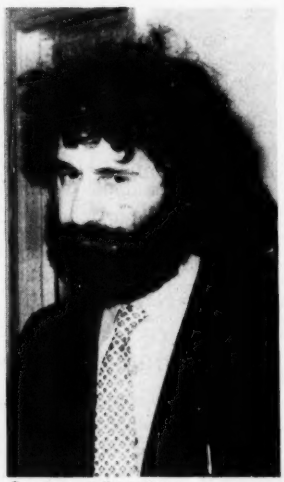
Callas: excuses, excuses

This month's chutzpah award has gotta go to **Maria Callas**, who backed out of her gala "comeback" concert in New York's Carnegie Hall an hour and a half before the first note was scheduled to be struck, leaving 2,800 people in tuxedos and evening gowns stranded in the lobby. Promoters claimed that Callas was ill and rescheduled the concert for March 5, but speculation was rampant that the disappearing act was occasioned by nothing more serious than cold fear—a reasonable assumption based upon the shellacking the soprano has received from critics elsewhere during her comeback tour.

While **Frank Serpico** has been catapulted to instant hero status by the book and film which bear his name, another character in the police corruption drama has been trying to set the record straight. **David Durk**, the model for the character of Bob Blair in the film and the man who launched the investigation into the scandal by leaking the corruption story to The New York *Times*, feels that he has been relegated to a supporting role and that the book and the movie have fostered other serious misconceptions. "They give the impression that if anybody stands up, he's going to get attacked," says Durk, "people are standing up all the time. . . The mea culpas really dig it. It's an enhancement of the Kitty Genovese story."

David Burnham, the Timesman who handled the story, agrees. "They made Durk look like a fool," he says. "He's not a fool."

But Peter Maas, who wrote *Serpico*, counters that Burnham has other reasons for attacking the book. "The reason he's screaming," says Maas, "is that he tried to write a book about police corruption and he couldn't do it. . . . It sounds like he's envious."



Serpico: solitary hero

It seems the only one involved in the brouhaha who's managed to maintain his cool has been actor Tony Roberts, who played the Durk character in the film. Roberts acknowledges that Durk's role in breaking the case has been minimized, but will go no further than that. "What is my impression of the truth? I don't give a shit."

T.R.: really a square deal

On the occasion of her 90th birthday, **Alice Roosevelt Longworth**, President Teddy's daughter and longtime Washington wit, was dropping quips like confetti and the Washington press corps ate it up. The reporter who got the most querulous quips was probably **Eric Sevaried**, who had Alice alone for a 15-minute segment on CBS' *Sixty Minutes*. After praising President Nixon and Nelson Rockefeller, her choice in '76, she let fly—discreetly. "Eleanor," she said at one point, "was a great dear—but a very boring dear."

And, despite her continuing support for Nixon, she dropped a few bits of information that must have made the folks at the White House wince. Like, for instance, the fact that her father, whom she described as poverty stricken, made a point of paying for repairs to the White House out of his own pocket.

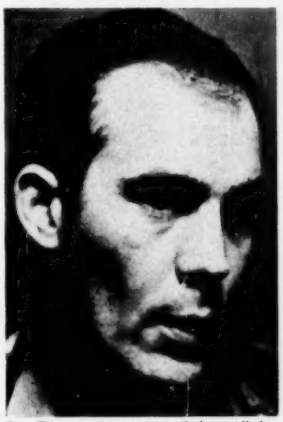
Item—The Birmingham, Alabama, Board of Education has ruled that only teachers approved by the superintendent may carry pistols in school.

Item—The Texas Cosmetology Commission keeps its money in shoe boxes and grocery cartons. Representative Joe Salem of Corpus Christi discovered the banking procedure and made a fuss over it. When asked why, he replied, "It's the stupidest type of operation I've ever seen in my life."

Not unexpectedly, the scene was a virtual circus when **Dr. Hunter S. Thompson**, gonzo journalist and campus counter-culture hero, made a rare public appearance last week at the University of Michigan. Invited to speak as part of a "Future World" lecture series, which had already included such luminaries as Margaret Mead and Ralph Nader, Thompson's alleged topic was "politics in the '70s."

Instead, he showed up—drink in hand, cigarette dangling—in sneakers, jeans and a ski sweater. To earn his $1,200 fee, Thompson offered to read from "the cocaine papers of Sigmund Freud" and *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.*

Shouted down, he encouraged "nasty, hostile questions," but most in the crowd of 1,500 were adoring fans, including front row groupies who imitatively guzzled away at Wild Turkey, and so he didn't get many. He ended up making random remarks about politics and drugs, and occasionally he combined the two. Richard Nixon, he noted at one point, is "like the coach of a football team facing forth down and 32 who suddenly discovers that his punter is a junkie." The two-hour affair was twice interrupted, once by a man in a gorilla suit and once—to Thompson's delight—by Shakin' Jake, an old local black blues guitarist, to whom Thompson magnanimously surrendered the stage.



Dr. Thompson: powerful medicine

Could there be a reconciliation in the works? **Nelson Rockefeller** announced last week that his daughter, **Mary Strawbridge**, would marry **Tom Morgan**, **John Lindsay**'s former press secretary. It's no secret, of course, that the Rockefeller-Lindsay feud ran deep and true, and before both men left office they were hardly on speaking terms. It's just possible that the union of Rocky/Johnny surrogates is the first sign of a truce, a development that could work to the advantage of both as they tool up for drives for the presidential nominations of their respective parties.

Speaking of feuds, here's one we'd love to help along. It seems that Republican Senators **John Tower** of Texas and **Barry Goldwater** of Arizona got into a heated debate on the Senate floor recently over the relative merits of Texas and Arizona chili peppers. Goldwater compared Texas peppers to "leavings in a corral," and Tower retaliated that equating the Arizona junk with the stuff from back home was like "comparing Phyllis Diller with Sophia Loren."

There aren't many issues on which the two conservative heavyweights disagree so emphatically, and so some political opponents are encouraged by the exchange. "It's not much," admitted one, "but it's a beginning."

Tower and Goldwater: fighting the chili pepper war

Item—A bill has been introduced in the North Carolina House of Representatives that would end spankings in the state's schools. According to Representative Margaret Keesee, the measure's sponsor, some pupils have been forced to kneel "in a strained position on a mop stick." On a mop stick?

Tom Wolfe, white-suited dandy and new journalist extraordinaire, has another talent with which he is going public. An exhibition of Wolfe's pen-and-ink drawings will open late this month at New York's Tunnel Gallery.

A spokesman for the gallery described Wolfe's stuff as "terribly witty . . . some portraits of specific personalities, some symbols of different aspects of society." Individual works are expected to sell for under $1,000 a shot.

Wolfe, who started by copying pictures from *Ring* Magazine, says he has drawn occasionally for the old New York *Herald Tribune* and the Washington *Post* and has illustrated a couple of his books, most notably *The Pumphouse Gang*, but he by no means plans to make a career of it. And why, after all, should he?

Wolfe: different medium

Doris: pedaling for posterity

From the sublime to the ridiculous. **A.E. Hotchner**, who made a name for himself with a best-selling biography of Ernest Hemingway, is now reported to be after new quarry. On bicycle. Hotchner apparently gets the dope on his latest subject, **Doris Day**, during early morning bike rides through the Hills of Beverly with America's favorite middleaged virgin. He then trails after her through the day, getting the lowdown on her career and her offscreen interests—the most notable of which appears to be the welfare of stray dogs.

Final Folksy Item—

Maybe it was visions of vast frogherds being driven north to Amarillo or Dodge, or maybe it was the simple hope that soon their own little spreads would be jumping and they'd be making a lot of money. In any case, several Texans went for the dream of great frog ranches being peddled by salesmen **Mack Warren** and **Charles S. Herndon**, who said folks could earn as much as $20,000 from tons of frogslegs by simply feeding a handful of frogs and letting them multiply. They sold bullfrog distributorships for $2,000. The prospective frog rancher got, among other things, six pair of starter frogs and an electronic device that was supposed to jiggle plain old rabbit food pellets and fool the amphibians into thinking it was frog food. Well, it didn't work out quite that way. Doyne McIver, a Mesquite football coach who hopped on the scheme, said, "None of them ever ate a bite and none of them ever reproduced." Shucks. Over across the border in Lafayette, La., Nelson Louiviere bought the frog plan. He said his wife hid out behind a tree and watched the frogs, but they proved to have anorexia and practiced celibacy. Louiviere said his wife "got plumb disgusted." Anyway, whoever heard of roping a frog?

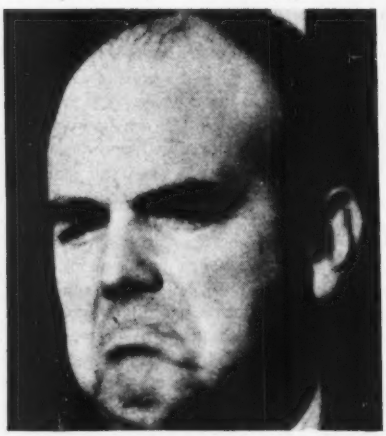
THE INSIDER

Ehrlichman squealing and dealing?
The decline (and fall?) of William Simon;
The SLA's reluctant pen pals

POWER POLITICS

Let's make a deal

John Ehrlichman was back in Washington recently to talk with the various folks investigating Watergate. According to friends who spoke with him while he was in town, Ehrlichman feels rejected by the White House and fears he may be set up as the chief pigeon in



Ehrlichman: every man for himself

the cover-up. Ehrlichman wavers daily on whether to make a deal or keep backing the White House. "He just isn't sure what to do," says a friend. "He keeps changing his mind. I have a feeling, though, he may make a deal."

Dubious mandate in Michigan

The surprise election of the first Democrat in 64 years in Vice-President Jerry Ford's congressional district in Michigan has led many observers in the Democratic party and the media to conclude that Watergate was responsible and that the GOP is in big trouble come next November. Though Watergate undoubtedly was a factor, many Democrats privately concede it was not as overwhelming as the press played it. The Democrat, Richard VanderVeen, ran on a platform calling for Nixon's resignation, but coupled it with full-page newspaper advertisements promoting the district's hometown boy: "Our President must be Gerald Ford."

"If you saw the advertising," said one Detroit reporter, "you'd realize it was not a typical Congressional race and certainly not a clear mandate on Watergate."

God is my copilot award

Goes to Pfc. Robert K. Preston, the 20-year-old Army flight school dropout who singlehandedly maneuvered an unarmed Huey helicopter down the Baltimore-Washington Parkway, buzzed the Washington monument and, in a final flourish, crash-landed on the White House lawn in a hail of buckshot. His motivation was unclear, but for those who would like to see Congress get off its ass and do something about Nixon, it seemed a noble gesture. Even the Maryland state policeman who tailed the soldier in another helicopter said Preston was "one hell of a pilot."

Watergate on $20 a day

Watergate has had its acclaimed heroes in Judge John Sirica, Archibald Cox, Elliot Richardson and William Ruckelshaus. It has a forgotten hero in Frank Wills, the security guard who first discovered the break-in and now cannot find a job. And it has unheralded heroes: the members of the Watergate grand juries.

For almost two years, one grand jury has been sitting in the District hearing evidence on Watergate. Originally enpaneled to hear cases involving dope busts, the grand jury was in session when the five men broke into Democratic headquarters. Instead of a normal two or three month stretch, the 22 jurors have been on the case ever since. Eleven members are government workers and pull their full salary on top of the $20 per day jury pay. Most of the others, though, are domestic and blue-collar workers whose employers are less understanding. They now have to live and support their families on that $20 per day, since they never know when they are going to be called in to hear testimony.

The members of a second

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PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

A little out of the ordinary.

Watergate jury have been on the case since August of last year. They are experiencing similar difficulties. In January the foreman of that jury quit, bringing the plight of the jurors into the press.

The foreman, Julian Murphy, is a 50ish independent insurance broker. His business depends upon his being available to clients at all hours, and he works out of his home. He considered it "his duty" to serve on the grand jury when called but soon found that "my whole business was going down the drain." From August until when he quit, he said his "income dropped something like $1,500 per month."

Murphy cannot talk about what he heard while a juror. He does say, however, that most of his fellow jurors were facing problems similar to his. "We all worked very hard," he says, "but it is difficult to keep your mind on the case when you're in financial trouble. I just hope the jury can bring the guilty parties to justice and that this never happens again."

—Charlie McCollum

Campaign button of the day

Spotted on lapels in and around Phoenix, Ariz.

International Relations 116

Back at Harvard, Henry Kissinger used to lecture his students on how domestic factors make or break a country's foreign relations. He is now finding out how true his own thesis is. Watergate and President Nixon's other domestic problems are causing Kissinger all kinds of trouble in his wheeling and dealing abroad.

He has been flooded with letters from foreign ministers and American ambassadors, particularly from Israel, Europe and the Soviet Union, complaining that Nixon doesn't seem to be in control anymore and the difficulties that creates for working out relations with the U.S. For instance, many of them believe the European oil conference fell apart because of uncertainties about how much leverage the U.S. could command.

As a result, Kissinger's aides have now started to leak some of these letters to the press. Said one State Department source: "It is not so much to get Nixon—although it's obviously going to be damaging to him—as it is to protect Kissinger."

The big lie

When Chicago's Mayor Daley recently named James M. Rochford as the city's new police superintendant, Rochford

made a surprising announcement of his own. He had given lie-detector tests to his top 70 police commanders to uncover possible links to organized crime and illegal payoffs. Only 49 passed the test. Seven of the officers flunked all of the questions, nine failed on one or more questions and five were found "physically or emotionally unresponsive to the examination." Said Rochford, "This situation is, of course, unacceptable." Of course.

Let them stand in line

Deep in the bowels of the Senate Office Building, hidden in an obscure corner of the Senate garage, stands, low and behold, a government-owned gas pump—with no line and no meter to ring up the charges. Officially, only Congressional limousines and Capitol Grounds vehicles are allowed to fill up at the pump. But, as you might have guessed, a caller pretending to be a senator asked if he could have his private car filled with gas and was told to "come on down."

Fourth down for the "Vince Lombardi of energy"

One weekend last summer, a foursome teed off in front of the imposing shingled bastion of established wealth that is the Maidstone Club in East Hampton, Long Island. The golfers were friends, fellow Wall Streeters and men of position and power. As they toured the links, conversation turned to the energy crisis and the recent appointment of John Love, the former governor of Colorado, to be the White House Energy Adviser.

"It's a thankless, undoable job," concluded one of them, "and he's welcome to it."

In retrospect, that judgment turned out to be one of history's small prophetic ironies. For the golfer was William E. Simon, whose coronation as Federal Energy Czar some months later marked the end of the reign for the genial but ineffective Love. And while in the beginning Simon seemed destined to confound his own prediction and perform the impossible task of managing the energy crisis, his power to dictate energy policy has been steadily eroding since Christmas.

Within weeks of his takeover, the Federal Energy Office grew from little more than an organization chart to an operating entity with a 1,000-man Washington staff and some 500 agents in regional offices. Energy expert David Freeman of the Ford Foundation concluded after Simon's first month: "I give him an A-plus for projecting the feeling that the government is getting on top of the problem." To Ralph Nader, though, it all looked like meaningless razzle-dazzle obscuring Simon's role as the "official price escalator for the oil industry, compliments of the U.S. taxpayer."

Now, with the crisis worsening, Simon has become the target of brickbats from such diverse critics as Governor George Wallace and Lee White of the Consumer Federation of America for failing to evolve a coherent

Simon: turf grabber

policy to meet the nation's energy needs. His mandatory allocation program could collapse under a mountain of legal briefs as companies rush to follow the Gulf Oil Corporation's

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY NORMAN

lead in attacking the allocation policy in court. Even the White House has seemed on the verge of withdrawing its support. Roy L. Ash, the powerful director of the budget, provided the first public glimpse of the kind of bureaucratic backbiting that could signal Simon's downfall in the months ahead when he told a television audience that the energy crisis was a short-term problem. Enraged, Simon took to the airwaves the next day to warn Ash to "keep his cotton-pickin' hands off energy policy." Further bureaucratic infighting looms strong, which has led one veteran Washington correspondent to observe: "Simon is a turf-grabber. But he has moved too fast and now he has a real fight on his hands."

Simon has sustained a 14-hour-a-day, seven-day work-week that includes daily meetings with up to 110 people in addition to a deluge of incoming calls that keeps his 15-button telephone blazing like a Christmas tree. His tough, uncompromising pace has earned him the sobriquet of the "Vince Lombardi of Energy" from an awed and weary staff. It is no office secret that a bawling out by Simon makes anything dished out by a Marine drill instructor seem like a lesson in ballroom decorum by comparison. "They don't mind it," says Simon. "I bust their balls, but they know I bust my balls, too."

Simon himself is accorded high marks for his knowledgeable testimony on Capitol Hill, but some observers perceive a critical weakness in his staff. As one top oil lobbyist put it: "So far he has not surrounded himself with anybody who knows Washington, which is a big mistake. This is the freaking Byzantine empire down here and you just have to know who is a eunuch and who isn't." One lesson that Simon has surely learned from his schooling of the past weeks is a wary respect for the power of Senator Henry Jackson, who has already nailed up energy to his nascent presidential platform. Added another lobbyist: "When it comes to energy, Scoop Jackson is Number One and every other number."

Every week, as the energy crisis cuts deeper into the economy, the queue of supplicants begging for special dispensations grows longer. But the supplies of emergency stocks are limited. If the clamor for fuel goes unanswered, will others follow the example of the independent truckers? Hopefully not, but Simon's high-handed attempts at arbitration seem more suited to a boardroom dispute than the delicate give-and-take of a labor settlement. And for Simon, the understanding that insight is sometimes more important than action could be the difference between succeeding George Shultz as Secretary of the Treasury or being succeeded as the Federal Energy Czar. For the nation, it could mean the difference between crisis and catastrophe.

—Oliver S. Moore III

MEDIA

The Hearst go-between

The handful of listener-sponsored Pacifica radio stations around the country routinely find themselves at the center of political controversies. Established as free speech open forums, the stations attract the attention of many radical groups that have a difficult time getting access on regular media outlets. Undoubtedly, Pacifica's reputation for fair treatment is the reason the Symbionese Liberation Army picked KPFA-FM in Berkeley as its first go-between in its negotiations over the Patricia Hearst kidnapping. The first SLA tape stating its demands was sent to KPFA, and since then the station has itself been embroiled in the Hearst story.

KPFA's Fischer: sort of an SLA expert

The staff at KPFA are the sort of dedicated types who, though four months behind in salary and short of tape, gladly spend extra hours creating special broadcasts and duplicating the SLA tapes for the networks without asking a penny. But the pressure of being a go-between in such a touchy situation has been immense.

"We're not exactly pen pals, the SLA and us," says Craig Pyes, KPFA's program director. "Some people send us press releases, others send communiques." To insure that there will be no obvious financial benefits from the Hearst kidnapping, all on-the-air personnel are ordered not to promote the station while reporting the story. "It would be blood money," says KPFA staffer Larry Josephson.

"We do not cooperate with the police, the FBI, the SLA, nor are we an agent for the Hearst family," Josephson says. "The youngsters in the Hearst family are quite hip, not like a ruling class family at all. But when I was growing up, my family hated the Hearsts. They wouldn't allow one of their papers in the house. It's really paradoxical that the Hearst papers were founded on yellow journalism. If we did that, we'd all lose."

Paul Fischer, the KPFA news director who read the SLA tape on the air and has since been swimming under a sea of media pressure as some sort of SLA expert, said, "It's obvious how I feel about being placed in this position. It's obvious why I don't want it talked about."

The station has been under a heavy financial and psychological drain from the Hearst kidnapping, but, as the staffers say, "That's what we are here for."

—Sam Silver

HEALTH

Divorce madness

Psychiatrists from Washington University School of Medicine recently compared the mental health of 139 divorced people (all of whom had received their divorce decrees from the St. Louis County Court of Domestic Relations during a single month) with 61 married couples.

"Our most striking finding," writes Dr. C. William Briscoe, "was that three-fourths of our divorced women

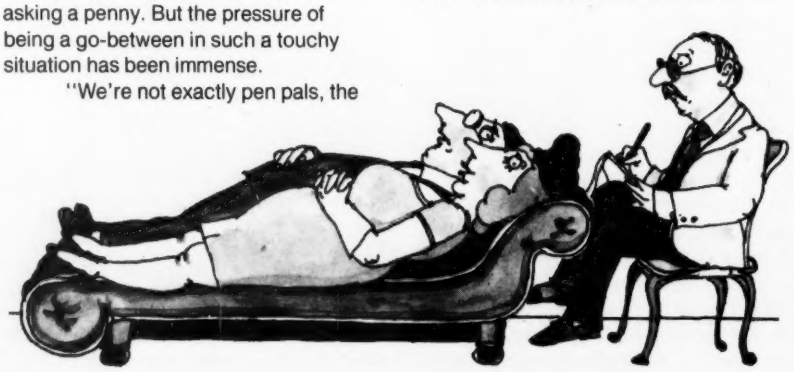


ILLUSTRATION BY CLARK FRANKEL

and two-thirds of our divorced men had, or currently have, a psychiatric illness." By contrast, only one-fifth of the married women and about one-third of the married men were similarly afflicted. "Psychiatric illness is probably a significant cause of marital breakdown," Dr. Briscoe concludes. ". . . To treat marital discord without recognizing or dealing with the individual's psychiatric disease would be a basic mistake."

Test tube baby poll

One of the most controversial frontiers of biology these days is the attempt to "create" human life in the test tube: to fertilize human eggs outside the body with the aim of putting them back into a woman's womb for subsequent development into a baby. But do people really want this?

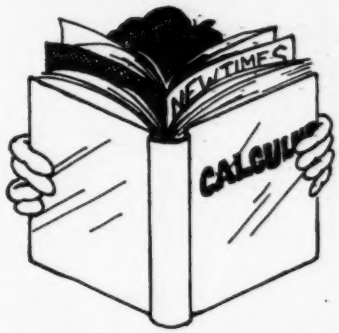
Psychiatrist Warren B. Miller of the Laboratory of Behavior and

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY NORMAN

Population, Stanford University School of Medicine, recently asked a number of young women how *they* felt about the idea. Most of them said that they would be willing to utilize test-tube fertilization of their own egg with their husband's sperm if it were the only way they could have a child. However, only 14 percent would use the procedure if it involved another man's sperm, and only 11 percent if it involved another woman's egg.

Jump starts smart

When you are trying to start your car on cold winter mornings, warns Ohio ophthalmologist Frederick H. Davidorf in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, watch your eyes. He has treated three people who suffered severe eye injuries when they were using jumper cables to start their car batteries—and the batteries exploded in their faces. One man lost the sight in his left eye and also needed plastic surgery.



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Hey buddy, can you spare a gallon?

By Sonny Kleinfield

Wednesday, 7:30 a.m.: The first car of the day, like the first pebble in an avalanche. A cherry-colored Buick. 16.5 gallons. $9.65.

Walter Stack's Exxon station is the sort of New York filling station one could normally breeze past without even being aware of it. It is just an unadorned red-and-white building crouched low on the midtown Manhattan corner where 42nd Street and 11th Avenue transect. There are three islands, each fitted with a trio of pumps. A rectangular Exxon sign swivels on a slim pole just off the sidewalk. Along one side, one can park his car all day for $1.88. In any case, motorists no longer tend to pass the station by, for ever since the fuel shortage reached acute proportions several months ago, gas, of course, has become a precious commodity. Reports have come in of shootings over gas, of women proffering their bodies in exchange for fuel, of people hiring "car sitters" to wait in lines, of one motorist going out and buying his own gas station and of another becoming so exasperated after being told he could only purchase a dollar's worth of fuel that he burned his car. Probably nowhere is the battle for gas being waged with greater fury than in car-clogged New York. To find out just how frenzied matters have gotten, I spent three days at Walter Stack's Exxon station, chosen for no other reason than that it was open and pumping gas.

The station staff consists of six attendants, a mechanic and manager Walter Stack. Though open around the clock, the station only pumps gas from 7:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. weekdays. Its monthly fuel allocation has been halved to 56,000 gallons, 3,000 of which are depleted each day. Regular gas goes for 58.6 cents, low-lead for 60.6, high test for 61.6. In compliance with New York State's request that stations serve only cars with odd-numbered license plates on odd-numbered days and even on even days, except for commercial vehicles and taxis, the station is confining sales to odd cars today. However, there is no cap on sales. One can purchase as much as he can afford.

A diary from the front lines of the gas crisis. "It's hell," says station manager Walter Stack. "It's living hell out there."

7:45 a.m.: It is still dark. The morning is chilly, and there are puddles on the street from a brief storm the night before. A jet (invisible today) grumbles its way overhead. Already, 24 cars are lined up. Cars have been strung out parade-fashion along 42nd Street since 6:30 a.m., as they have been every weekday. A sleek, black limousine moves through the pumps. Drunk with the knowledge of getting gas, the chauffeur sighs, "Gas at last. Gas at last. Praise the Lord." 14.1 gallons. $8.67.

8:20 a.m.: A cream Cadillac, as if flaunting its superiority, threads its way into the station ahead of a 22-car line. Walter Stack stalks over. At 58, he looks like a stubbed-out cigar. Scraggly grey hair snuggles his bulldog neck, and he wears a hunting cap on his head and a pencil in his mouth. He possesses an unremittingly pumiced appearance and a decidedly salty translation of the English language. The effect of his look, not to mention his tongue, is utterly unnerving. "Out, you bastard," he booms, motioning his thumb the way a baseball umpire does in calling out a player sliding home. "Rear of the line." Sheepishly professing to have overlooked the line, the driver reverses and steers into position behind the last car.

"My life is like reenacting Custer's Last Stand every day, with me being Custer," Walter growls. "Every day there are fights. It's hell. It's living hell out there."

9:30 a.m.: It may be hell, but it's still cold. Cars are passing through the pumps in as little as two minutes and as much as nine. Conversation heard along the line. . . . A royal blue Cutlass: "I feel

Station manager Walter Stack tries to cut off the line when pumps run dry.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JILL FREEDMAN

Sorry!
GAS
PUMPS
CLOSED
8576-GZ

like when I was in the Army waiting in line for chow. You wait and wait and wait, and then you get something hardly worth waiting for." A brown Oldsmobile: "It's not so much the wait that infuriates me but the price of gas. I'm a longshoreman. I used to make $178 a week, my wife didn't work and we had plenty. Now, I make $238, my wife works and we can't buy shit." A lime Chevy Impala: "Insanity!"

10:05 a.m.: A bearded young man in dungarees and a maroon Mercedes wings in. His license plates are even. Walter stomps over. "You're even," he barks. "Pull outta line." The driver protests, "There's no sign saying evens aren't served." "I'm saying it," Walter shouts. "Take a walk." Again the thumb. And out he goes. It is no trifling matter being called out in this game. For people in gas lines, there are no yesterdays, tonights or tomorrows. There is only today.

10:30 a.m.: "I hate it out here," says an attendant named Carlos, a slender wisp of a man in his 20s with tawny hair. "Every day my ears are burned by the language. I got no pride left. And you can't win. I'm never right. God, how I hate it."

11:40 a.m.: The line is 19 cars long. A black limousine arrives with a license plate that reads, "MJM." Some debate ensues over whether the plate is odd or even. Walter decides it is one of the oddest plates he has even seen and rules the tank can be filled. Tough ruling. 17.1 gallons. $9.42.

12 noon: Walter patrols the line. Swaggering from side to side on his stumpy legs, he brings to mind an Army drill sergeant inspecting his troops. He dismisses a mud-splotched white Buick for unfair possession of an even-numbered plate. The driver of the Buick greets the news the way a soldier might react to being put on KP duty for a month. Everyone else in line is in order, and a sigh of relief can almost be discerned as Walter returns to the station.

12:35 p.m.: The line is 21 cars long. A middleaged woman sporting ample breasts and an expensive fur coat dashes breathlessly up to Walter: "Sir, I've got a problem. I'm an even, but my uncle just died and I've got to pick up my mother-in-law at the airport." "I heard that exact same story yesterday," Walter scowls, and, in fact, he did, except that it was the husband who died and the daughter who had to be picked up. "I swear, sir, I swear it's true," the woman pleads. "All right, pull it up," Walter says. "Who am I to say if you're lying? I don't want death on my conscience." 18.6 gallons. $11.45.

What would he do if the station ran out of gas before he reached the pumps? "Probably bomb the place"

1 p.m.: The cars still come. The line is at 19. With no limit on sales, many cars hit for double figures—$10.43, $11.40, $12.02. Whatever happened to the $5 tankful? A pimply faced man wearing a woolen hockey cap and driving a two-tone blue eyesore of a van chugs in with an empty tank and $2.65 to his name. He tries to bum a buck off me, then off Walter. "Cash on the barrel; that's all we take, buster," Walter roars. 4.4 gallons. $2.65.

1:45 p.m.: By periodically charting the readings on the pumps, Walter is able to approximate when the pumps should run dry. The time is soon, he judges, and so he ambles down the line with a "Pumps Closed" sign that he affixes to the last car. Several cars ignore the sign and queue up anyway. As the end of the line nears the pumps, Walter removes the sign, plants it at the station entrance and squats on it, his arms folded across his chest defiantly. For anyone else to enter, they will have to squash Walter. At least today, no one is that desperate.

Walter has been around New York gas stations since he was 12, and used to own his own station. He did well enough to retire from the business last year. After he spent a couple of weeks at home, however, his wife couldn't stand him anymore and sent him back to the pumps. He has been at the Exxon station for five months, and he is not sure whether the station or the complaints of his wife is worse.

2:45 p.m.: The last car passes through, a white van returning from the Westminster Kennel Club dog show. The dogs are barking clamorously. They failed to win any ribbons at the show and perhaps are cursing out the judges. 17.4 gallons. $9.84.

During the day, some 205 vehicles passed through Walter Stack's Exxon pumps, including seven limousines, five moving vans, five taxis, four Salvation Army trucks, a motorcycle and a hearse. Perhaps tomorrow will bring a boat.

Thursday, 7:30 a.m.: This morning the haze hangs low over the city. Cold again. Huge construction cranes crank and rattle down the street. The evens get their shot today. Already there is an outpouring of 37 of them. By rising at 5:45 a.m., James Owens, a slight man in his 20s who works for United Parcel Service, has managed to maneuver his tangerine Oldsmobile to the front of the line. How does it feel to be first in line? "It feels good," he says. "Real good. I thought if I got up this early, I'd have a shot at first. It's something to be proud of."

Thirty-seven cars back sits Herman Dade, a middleaged man wearing a felt hat and a plaid scarf who works for a women's clothing factory. His wheels are a mustard-colored Plymouth Vega station wagon. He is reading the *Book of Revelations*, possibly searching for a clue to why he brings up the rear. How does it feel to be last in line? "It's sickening," he says. "It's grim. Plus it gets a bit lonely sitting back here." What would he do if the station ran out of gas before he reached

Never before have people been so animated over so mundane a fluid as gas.

the pumps? "Probably bomb the place."

8:10 a.m.: A crippled green Cougar is towed in, having broken down waiting in line for fuel. The transmission is blown. To boot, the Cougar is the first car of the day to score in double figures. 17.3 gallons. $11.01. An odd-numbered Mercury is tossed out of line by Walter just as it nears the pumps. It is like A.J. Foyt being black-flagged with a lap to go in the Indianapolis 500 while leading.

8:30 a.m.: What is the solution to all these silly lines? "The bastard government should give the dealer a fair shake so he'll have enough gas to serve all the evens on even days and all the odds on odd days," Walter says, his temper flaring. "The way it is, we'll run out at two o'clock. What about the cars that don't make it by then? We have to tell them tough luck. Is that right? The system stinks. It's a stupid waste."

8:45 a.m.: Herman Dade passes through the pumps. He has finished the *Book of Revelations*, but he doesn't seem to have found the answer to his problems. However, he vows to rise at a more respectable hour next time—like 5 a.m. 16.2 gallons. $9.80.

9:30 a.m.: The line is 24 cars long. Quickly, it shrinks to 22 as Walter boots out an odd Ford Maverick and an odd Dodge Charger. Both drivers bless Walter with their best off-color vocabulary. He returns the compliment.

10 a.m.: Conversation heard along the line. . . . A lemon-colored Plymouth Duster: "I'm going to fill up, drive my car out to the country where I have a friend and park it there. Maybe in a month or so, things will improve. But I'm fit to be tied waiting in lines. I'll ride the bus." A chocolate-colored Chevy Impala: "Half my life is spent at gas stations. In effect, I'm wedded to Exxon. And I want a divorce." A turquoise Lincoln Continental: "I think the gas shortage is great. You see, this isn't my car. I'm getting $4 an hour to sit in it. Looks like $8 today."

10:10 a.m.: A thought. . . . If those on the unemployment rolls were drafted to sit in cars, the gas shortage could terminate unemployment.

11 a.m.: The line is 26 cars long. Will it ever end? An odd limousine swings in. The chauffeur tells Carlos the car is commercial, though its plates aren't. Carlos shakes his head, but the chauffeur persists. Walter lumbers over and tackles the situation with his usual blend of sincerity, dignity and aplomb. "Get the fuck outta here," he bellows. "Move that mother." It is possible, at this moment, that Walter Stack's voice falls outside the New York noise pollution limitations. "I'll leave the goddammed car here," the chauffeur shouts. "Call the cops. I'm not moving." "Get your employer on the phone," Walter barks at him. The employer provides Walter with a government number to confirm his contention. Walter dials it. No answer. "Here's your fucking state; they don't even answer," he blasts, hurling the phone receiver at the dismayed chauffeur. "All right, pull it up," Walter finally grumbles. "But I'm gonna take your license number and if you're wrong I'm gonna take you into court so many fucking days." The chauffeur limps off, muttering to himself, "I should just quit my job, never drive a car again. That's it." 16.2 gallons. $9.81.

12 noon: The line is 25 cars long. A tan Torino wings in with odd plates. "Can't help you," says an attendant by the name of Val. "Can you help me now?" the driver adds, assuming an expression of saucer-eyed innocence and poking a five-dollar bill in Val's nose. Val steals a quick glance at me, then shakes his head. Walter comes over, revs up the engine, which sputters and coughs, and allows a dollar's worth to get the car out of the station. 1.6 gallons. $1.

1:10 p.m.: A fire-engine red Chevy with Florida plates rolls in and assumes the day's scoring lead. 24.8 gallons. $15.25. Enough to buy a cheap bicycle.

1:35 p.m.: A dented purple Oldsmobile wheels in with no license plates at all, perhaps the most novel device yet concocted for circumventing the odd-even system. Unfortunately, Walter is unimpressed by the novelty. "Out," he screams. He also eliminates an odd-numbered and odd-looking van waiting in line.

1:45 p.m.: Walter shuts off the line at 19 cars. Eleven more pay no heed to the sign and line up behind it. Walter does his squatting bit again.

2:20 p.m.: A lime Cadillac receives the last gas of the day. It isn't even enough to fill the Cadillac's tank. 7.6 gallons. $4.68.

Twenty-one cars are left stranded, like thirsting soldiers in a desert of no oases. Six of them storm into the station to let off steam. It does no good. Walter and the attendants have ducked into the office, and there is no gas. Some 190 cars passed through the pumps, including six Salvation Army trucks, four limousines, three taxis and a bread truck. No motorcycles, no hearses, no boats. What will tomorrow bring?

Friday, 7:30 a.m.: It is freezing cold out, with a crisp wind blowing. Snow is forecast. Jackhammers sound in the distance. Here come the cars. Thirty-four of them are lined up for the last stand by the odds until next Tuesday.

8:05 a.m.: Near the middle of the line, an olive Ford Maverick ducks into a

small opening between a lumber truck and a Torino. The driver of the Torino, who resembles the starting linebacker of the Miami Dolphins, lurches over to the Maverick and scowls, "Man, you just cut in line. Now, move out." "There's no line," answers the weed-like Maverick man. "There was an opening." The Torino man yells, "Listen, you jerk, get this goddammed car out of here, and right now." "Tough," says the Maverick man. Infuriated, the Torino man hauls back and socks the Maverick man with a solid right hook. The lumber-truck driver restrains him from inflicting greater harm. His nose bleeding, the Maverick man swings his car out of line and speeds off.

9 a.m.: The line is 33 cars long. "At night, there are always thugs and pimps threatening us with guns, switchblades, banana knives, you name it," says one of the attendants. "What can you do? If there's gas, we give it to them. They get as much as they want. We don't ask for any money. We say, 'Thank you for calling. Anytime.' If there's no gas, we just pray."

10 a.m.: Conversation heard along the line. . . . A white Datsun: "When you wait in line for hours, it drains the humanity out of you. Out here in the line, we're no longer people. We're beasts." A red Opel GT: "My car's been parked since a week ago Sunday. I don't go anywhere, do anything. Gas runs my life, and it's ruining it." A tan Buick Century: "The worst is yet to come. I think we should just let the whole country run rampant, if Nixon keeps acting like this. What does the government want? For everyone to take a gun and stick up a station? It's not right. Damn, it's not right. I feel like punching someone. Only I don't know who I should punch."

11:15 a.m.: I decide to try my hand at the pumps. An orange Chevy Bel Air station wagon chugs in. "Fill it to the brim," a strapping, goateed man commands me. I fill it to what seems to be the brim. "C'mon, fill the damn tank," the man shouts. "What the hell's the matter with you? I waited two damn hours." Shakily, I squeeze in a few more drops. I also decide never to become a gas-station attendant. It's too dangerous. 13.5 gallons. $7.92.

1:25 p.m.: The line is 41 cars long, the worst it has been. A Ford Galaxie pulls in. The driver had joined a line at a nearby station at 8:45 a.m. At 11:30 the station ran dry and the man switched to the Exxon line. He works two blocks away, and was to report at 9:30 a.m. Unless his engine explodes, he will be there by 1:30 p.m., no sweat. 13.8 gallons. $8.36.

1:45 p.m.: Walter kicks out two evens, and has his ears roasted. Then he leaves on an errand. Val hangs up the "Pumps Closed" sign, but no one pays it any mind.

"At night, there are always thugs and pimps threatening us with guns, switchblades, banana knives. . ."

2:10 p.m.: The line is 44 cars long. In a reverberation of rubber, a white Cadillac swerves into the station. Out jump three vicious-looking men, one in his 50s, the other two in their 20s. They stomp over to the office and demand gas of an attendant. "Can't help you," he tells them. "You gotta get in line." One of the men asks for the manager and, when told he is away, snarls, "Look wiseass. I'm coming back here when he gets off, and I'm gonna kick his ass down 10th Avenue, 11th Avenue, 12th Avenue and the Hudson River." He reaches in his pocket, whips out a switchblade and flicks it open. "See this," he sneers. "It don't mean nuthin' to me to slit his throat. I slit 'em before, and I'll slit 'em again. And I'll slit yours if you say another fucking word." One of his compeers tugs him away and the three of them, warning they'll return, drive off. I have the feeling that, had Walter Stack been around, either the station lot would be littered with limbs or a throat would be slit.

3:05 p.m.: Walter has returned. The last car, a white Dodge Polara, moves through the pumps. 7.6 gallons. $4.42. Some 215 vehicles gassed up today, including five limousines, four Salvation Army trucks, two taxis, a motorcycle and a caterpillar. Thirty-nine cars are left in line. A cluster of them race into the station. A portly man with red spiderwebs in his face bristles over to Walter. "What the hell is this," he rages. "I've waited two hours in lines, and now when I get within 10 cars, you close." "What do you want from me?" Walter says. "The pumps are dry." The man keeps screaming, "All you station owners are alike. You just care about yourself. It's your fault it's like this." "Oh yeah," Walter retorts. "It's that fucking bastard in Washington, and don't tell me you didn't put him there. When we get rid of him, things will be right."

Walter stomps off, and the man, in need of another scapegoat, turns to me: "It's the goddamn press' fault. Why don't the newspapers force the city to have cops patrol the lines so this won't happen. The newspapers are morally bankrupt institutions." I argue for a bit. Then, I realize that only one thing will satisfy this man, and that is gas. As I walk away, he continues to shout even though no one is listening any longer. And there is no gas.

3:30 p.m.: The cars are gone. The station is quiet. In the movies, newspapers blow softly down the street. The papers here stay where they are. Some cans of Diet-Rite and Fanta lay on the pavement. The street sparkles with shattered glass. A nun walks by. Jackhammers still leave the air ringing.

4:55 p.m.: Walter Stack leaves for the day and for the week. He drives a brown and black Cadillac. 26 gallons. $15.42. ●

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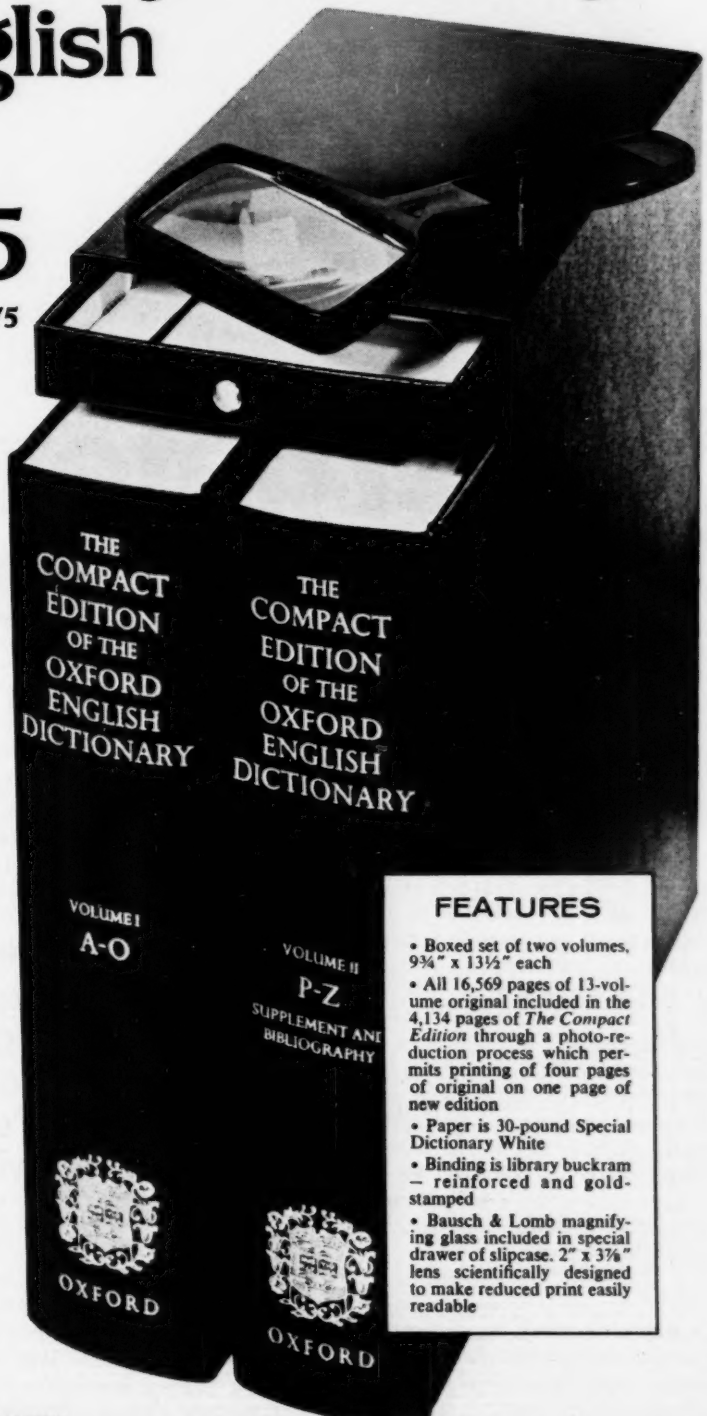

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Watergate: We've gone too far

By Nicholas von Hoffman

My first responsible job in politics was to line up the major bookies in the South End of Boston and get them behind our candidate for state senator, a young lawyer with an Italian name.

This wasn't a hard job. It involved dropping around to the principal saloons and asking for Big Harry, Mauky Joe or whomever. Subsequent years in politics taught me to be better at forgetting names than remembering them. However named, each bookmaker eventually put in an appearance and I would tell him the name of the candidate, a little background and ask for support.

Contributing Editor von Hoffman writes a column for the Washington Post, *appears on CBS'* Sixty Minutes *and is a commentator for the CBS radio network.*

The bookie would listen, not letting on whether he knew anything about our guy or not, and then he'd say something like, "I'll check it out. You come around this time tomorrow and I'll have an answer for ya." There was no discussion of the issues.

With investigative reporters running rampant, we tend to forget that there's nothing wrong with a little graft

When I returned, the bookies would say fine, how much money were we asking for? We didn't want the bookies' money. We wanted to use their taverns and their runners, dry-cleaning delivery boys, milkmen, all kinds of people in the district, to distribute our literature and tout their small constituencies onto our candidate.

The bookies were happy to do it. We did not talk *quid pro quo* because decent people know to return favors without having it written down.

Until recently, I'd thought I'd handled my part of the campaign adeptly. Then, the other day, while reading a Watergate-inspired fulmination, it came to me that I had been a crooked politician. People are getting indicted, denounced and hung by their thumbs from Philadelphia to Seattle for pulling stuff we used to consider routine. Thank God I'm protected by the statute of limitations, out of politics and into journalism where I can excoriate men for doing what I used to do.

Better a happy hypocrite than one of those maddened, self-righteous imbeciles loose in the news business. Nixon's right. The media has gone rabid, and pathologically arrogant. You can't hardly crack open a newspaper or turn on a TV without getting unsubstantiated garbage leaked out of a grand jury room, a barroom or some other place where rumors

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JERRY ZIMMERMAN

are trapped and collected. The New York *Times* is actually demanding politicians divulge their net worth, tax returns and sources of income, something the pols should do as soon as *Times* publisher Punch Sulzberger reciprocates with his own. Or, the politicians might end this crime wave of bad investigative reportage by requesting that those unidentified-source smear stories be assigned only to reporters who don't cheat on their expense accounts.

But the politicos are too scared to ask for anything. They're feeling the media's revenge for the 1964 Goldwater-San Francisco Convention, Chicago '68 and four years of Agnew peeing on journalism's trouser leg. This is a news riot: morally intoxicated mediaists sweeping through broadcasting and print with the same fine discrimination for their victims as the clubs of Mayor Daley's cops.

What began splendidly with the work of Bernstein and Woodward is being ruined by vindicative and deranged or dishonest editors and reporters who expect to win Pulitzer prizes because they've found out the law of libel will let them circulate unsubstantiated courthouse gossip about public figures. The media mobsters are getting back at Nixon by using his devices on him. He took an ancient social grudge, the working man's envious resentment of fancy pants intellectualism, and convinced the silent majority we were effete snobs. Now the media is having back at him by using another ancient prejudice: that all politicians are crooks.

An overweening need to expose one's self or others in public is not only slightly sick but contributes to a confusion through which the real malefactors escape. The important distinction between crime and ordinary, necessary, socially useful illegality is obliterated. The motto should be: punish criminals and wink at lawbreakers.

Nixon's burglaries, shakedowns and general gooneries are dangerously criminal, not because they've never happened before in American politics, because they have, but because a President has done them while in office. It's bad cess, but we can live with it if Lindsay's cops push heroin or Daley's cops hire out as hit men, but national self-preservation demands a higher standard of conduct from the FBI. The White House must be a class act, and what Nixon did was to run it the way Tom Pendergast ran Kansas City. However crooked Lyndon may have been on his way up, whatever he and Bobby Baker may or may not have had going, when he got to the top spot, he had the smarts to cut it out, to stop.

"Grass would grow in the streets of our cities without corruption. Indeed, there would be no streets, no cities"

Nixon and his band of jolly collaborators didn't, but they may escape their just metes because the hysteria, the McCarthyism, if you will, of the journalists and the frothy-mouthed elect of liberalism has made Nixon look like all politicians and all politicians like Nixon. He can hide in the mob of politicos who'll have to protect him to protect themselves.

What else are they going to do? These crazy journalists are running through the streets leading mobs demanding all political lawbreakers be punished. Grass would grow in those same streets of our cities if we did away with corruption. Indeed, there wouldn't be any streets or any cities. This country can't function without illegality. Older readers who are familiar with the conclusions of Lincoln Steffens, America's all-time, top-ten investigative reporter, need read no further. The young may need the pitfalls and dangers of honesty explained to them.

A New York City official told me recently that to build a skyscraper there you must procure something in the order of 50 separate permits. A close investigation would probably show that a) the regulations for awarding permits are incomprehensible and/or b) compliance with some of the 50 sets of regulations would put a builder in violation of the others. Corruption is frequently the only mechanism by which the law is made to work.

Part of our difficulties with gasoline is that too many people are obeying too many idiot government regulations. The trouble is that our national oil czar, Bill Simon, rescinds old rules and promulgates new ones so rapidly there's no time to figure out how to violate them. Everybody's obeying the regulations, losing time on the pump lines and running out of gas.

Rationing would be preferable for the reasons that Simon and Nixon are against it. Rationing is inherently unworkable, as they say, and it will bring with it a large, dunderheaded bureaucracy, but also the blessings of an efficiently run, highly illegal black market. The unstated function of schemes like rationing isn't equitable distribution, but to tell people whom they should bribe.

The old observation holds that corruption is the means we use to save ourselves from the consequences of our zeal for reform and our presumption that we can pass a law to do everything. If you doubt it, look at our zoning ordinances, probably the single largest source of continuing political corruption in the United States. The goo-goos, to use the nickname put on the moral enragees earlier in the century, sold zoning as a way of protecting real-estate values. It did nothing of the sort, as a comparison of any American city with Houston, which has no zoning, will show. It did, however, make it impossible for anybody in the real-estate business to survive without bribing a politician, so without this form of corruption we'd be

PRESS
Notes
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living in tepees.

Until Nixon, the straight shakedown was relatively rare in the Federal government, but race tracks, paving, printing, insurance, fuel oil businesses and many others have always had to put up with this at a state and local level. At one time these practices, as well as the money from such extortionate practices as threatening to raise a company's tax assessments, were thought to have financed political organizations' welfare work. To the extent they did, and that isn't known with any exactitude, and to the extent people's needs were actually taken care of, corruption is a superior method of looking after the poor.

It is tempting to romanticize the crooked politician of the past to the disadvantage of our modern crooks, who also perform socially valuable services. There is no harder working and less appreciated gang of crooks in the world than the bunch of grafters in the Pentagon and the businessmen swindlers they work with. The relationship between prosperity and full employment with high military budgets has been demonstrated too many times to bear repeating, but what is not said is that without armies of hard-working thieves enriching themselves, the whole system would break down. There is no way in the world that the Pentagon can honestly dispense those huge sums of money every year; if law and regulation were adhered to, backed-up money would be spilling out of the Five-Sided Curse like the contents of a clogged toilet in the men's room at a football game.

The present state of the art of public administration doesn't allow spending the sums we do according to goo-goo standards. Deficit spending, Keynesian economics, is dependent on the crooks to get that money the hell out of Washington and spread it around the country.

The situation in the regulatory agencies is somewhat different. If the agencies were manned by hostiles, instead of the mildly illegal ex parte contacts that have been a Washington tradition, industry would have to resort to bribery. Such tactics aren't used because, as Ralph Nader discovered, most regulatory agencies are controlled by those they are supposed to regulate. This is always scandalous and often illegal, but it has its advantages.

The biggest is that these agencies limit competition while appearing to foster it. Deceitful but necessary in an economic system that would be destroyed by even six months of unbridled free enterprise. We would be bricked up in the closet of our own dogmas if the crooks didn't render us the service of reconciling the incompatibility of beliefs with our economic needs by breaking the law for us.

"It is tempting to romanticize the crooked pols of the past. Our modern crooks also perform valuable services"

These are murky areas that are easier to expose than to understand. It's like the gangsters. You can read about how they are "penetrating" legitimate businesses, not by muscle, but by money. In other words, they are supplying capital that the rest of the capitalist system isn't, but there's so much indignation that a character with a name like Pusy Face Fistula should buy into a record distribution company that comprehension of where this activity fits into our economics gets fogged over by the bletch rising out of the censorious typewriters of Calvinist journalism. So instead of enlightenment, we're told that when Jimmy Goombah decides to charge 15 percent, it's loan sharking, and when Citibank does it, it's staying competitive in the money market.

It could be that in this respect Nixon and his people got too greedy. I'm excluding Agnew, who disgraced his high office by accepting sums so small a West Side Chicago alderman would throw them back in the bribe giver's face. These awful surges in prices suggest that, in addition to crop failures, Arab embargoes and swooning Eurodollars, Nixon set off some kind of inflationary bubble in the price of political corruption. Nobody's yet in a calm enough emotional state to study it, but it appears that he inadvertently threw the controls and conventions and governing mechanisms out of wack.

Nixon, together with his tormentors, has given dishonesty such a bad name it may be some time before we'll be able to look at the crooks in a different light. As individuals, crooks are as inconsistent and unpredictable as anyone else. Would you believe that last fall the slimiest character in the Illinois Congressional delegation, a bona fide hood, was seen to walk off the floor of the House in tears when a minimum-wage veto was sustained? No media people were looking, so you know the tears were genuine. Crooks have values and principles, too, and sometimes they can steal their way into a position of such independence, they can resist pressures that more honest men bow to.

I've written this as a former, small-time, crooked pol hoping to get a little surcease for our kind, but if you can't empathize with us as individuals—as poor boys who had to start off crooked because that was the only way we could start off at all—if you can't see us as people, don't forget the good we do by inadvertence. We do keep things going. In a society like Russia, where they have even more do-goodnik laws and regulations than here, corruption alone has saved the state.

Human ecology is like plant ecology, where there are useful bugs and disfunctional pests. Some of the useful bugs are pretty ugly, but it still doesn't pay to aim the squirt gun at the mosquitoes and kill the worms. ●

Extra!

How old man Hearst would have covered the kidnapping

By Mike McGovern and Harry Stein

William Randolph Hearst never pulled any punches. In 1885, 22 years old and freshly expelled from Harvard, he decided he wanted control of the family newspaper, the struggling San Francisco *Examiner*, and he let his father know it. The stuff the paper had been running, he wrote Senator George Hearst, tended to "nauseate rather than stimulate the imagination." The son got the paper within a year.

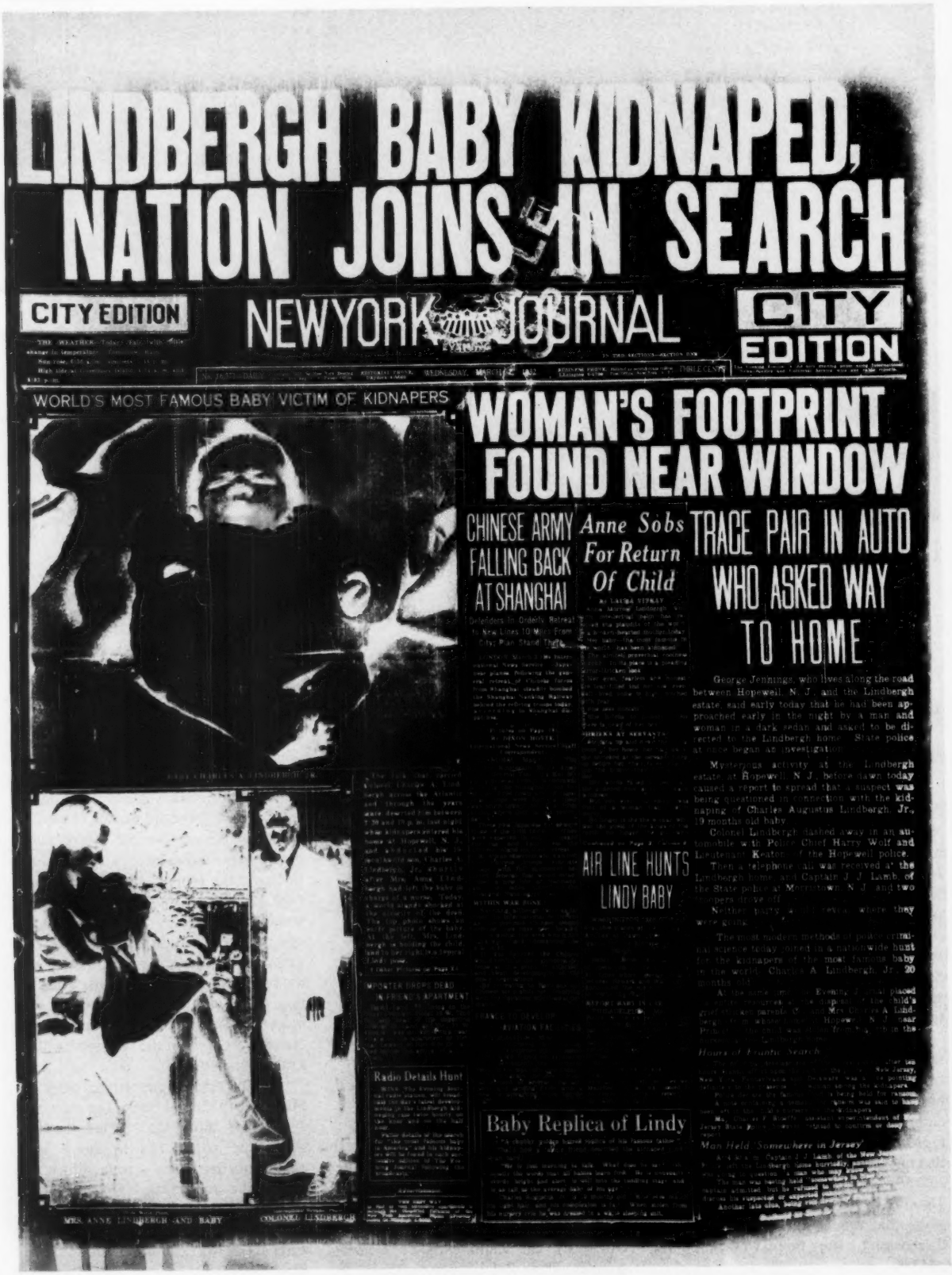
Hearst's astonishing success with the *Examiner* ignited an empire that eventually grew to 30 newspapers. It allowed him to shape history, and for 63 years he enthused, puzzled, frightened and enraged millions of Americans, so much so that on August 15, 1951, he was awarded a 20,000-word obit in the proper New York *Times*. His simple formula was to get the story—that was all that mattered—and if there wasn't a story there, well hell, make one up.

The Hearst papers and the Hearst people have changed since then. The chain is down to 10 newspapers in seven cities (San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, San Antonio, Boston, Baltimore and Albany). And in this age of responsible reporting, the Hearst style has changed, too. Obviously, the kidnapping of Hearst's granddaughter, Pat, is a personal and particularly touchy case, but according to the old rules, sentiment never interfered with news judgment. The current Hearst papers are naturally giving the story big play—but that is different from sensationalizing it. The old zing is gone.

First of all, Hearst probably would have had to establish that he had not engineered the caper himself. He has, after all, been charged with engineering the entire Spanish-American War

It was a rival newspaper, for example, that first saw fit to publish the fact that Pat had been living out of wedlock with her fiancee. The old Hearst papers would have shown no such tact, probably not even for a bit of the old publisher's flesh. The way the old Hearst papers would have covered a story such as this one is perfectly illustrated by the way the defunct Chicago *American*, then one of the brightest stars in the Hearst constellation, covered a somewhat similar story more than 40 years ago—the crime of the century, the story of the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby.

The kidnapping took place on March 1, 1932, and beginning on March 2—and for more than a month afterwards—the paper ran headlines large enough to flag down a train. But it was really the reportorial gimmicks, the smaller headlines and sidebar features, that gave the coverage its special flavor. To write about the case, the chain unearthed such "literary luminaries"—and they were actually described as such—as novelist Jack Lait and Arthur Hoerl, "famous American author of mystery stories," as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CHINESE ARMY FALLING BACK AT SHANGHAI
Anne Sobs For Return Of Child
TRACE PAIR IN AUTO WHO ASKED WAY TO HOME
George Jennings, who lives along the road between Hopewell, N. J., and the Lindbergh estate, said early today that he had been approached early in the night by a man and woman in a dark sedan and asked to be directed to the Lindbergh home. State police at once began an investigation.
Mysterious activity at the Lindbergh estate at Hopewell, N. J., before dawn today caused a report to spread that a suspect was being questioned in connection with the kidnaping of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., 19 months old baby.
Colonel Lindbergh dashed away in an automobile with Police Chief Harry Wolf and Lieutenant Keaton of the Hopewell police.
Then a telephone call was received at the Lindbergh home and Captain J. J. Lamb of the State police at Morristown, N. J., and two troopers drove off.
Neither party ... where they were going.
The most modern methods of police criminal science today ... in a nationwide hunt for the kidnapers of the most famous baby in the world, Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., 20 months old.
AIR LINE HUNTS LINDY BABY
Radio Details Hunt
Baby Replica of Lindy
MRS. ANNE LINDBERGH AND BABY
COLONEL LINDBERGH

A photostat of the New York Journal's front page reflects the elements of the Hearst style in an earlier celebrated kidnapping: abducted (and helpless) baby, loving (and leggy) mother, forlorn (and heroic) father, tears and detective work.

Two generations of Hearsts, two styles. Above, William Randolph Hearst entertains show biz folk in his California castle, San Simeon, in a scene right out of Citizen Kane. Below, the Randolph Hearsts meet the press in front of their home in Hillsborough.

well as Oscar Bush, "hunter, trapper and fisherman and the first layman to be called into the case by Colonel Lindbergh."

As for the reporting itself, no angle was too far afield to explore. There were stories on reaction to the case from South America and Africa and Australia and the Far East ("China Carries Lindy Extras"). Hearst reporters combed the woods around the Lindbergh house, hoping to break the case themselves, and ferreted through the Lindbergh family archives, hoping to dig up something, anything, that hadn't already been printed about the Lone Eagle. And, of course, the papers leaned very heavily to conspiracy theories. The headlines from the *American* tell the tale: "Child Stolen for Vengeance!" "Rear Admiral Moffett Blames Prohibition for Lindy Kidnapping." "Noted Sleuth Says Drug Addict is Kidnapper." The byword, in short, was SENSATIONALISM.

How, then, would old man Hearst have handled the Pat Hearst kidnapping? First, of course, there would have been the personal dilemma; Hearst was a man capable of strong human feelings, a fact to which his famous relationship with Marion Davies attests, and he doubtlessly would have been shaken by what happened. But, in all likelihood, that would have had little bearing on the way Hearst papers covered the story. Hearst saw himself, above all, as a newsman, and the instincts that had guided him through an incredibly successful career could not have been shunted aside.

For starters, he probably would have had to work to convince people that he had not engineered the caper himself to sell newspapers; he is charged, after all, with having engineered the entire Spanish-American War. That taken care of, he would have hired the greatest collection of sleuths and newshounds money could buy, offered fabulous rewards for information, engaged criminologists and psychologists to imagine suitable endings to the tale and insisted on headlines that screamed. He would have seen to it that every morsel of news, every hint of a new lead, would be followed up and reported in the most triumphant of tones. And then, too, he would have faced the dilemma of knowing that the worse the outcome, the better the story.

His son, Randolph Hearst, is not acting as the father would have. He is a very different man, and these are very different times. But the whole business remains tinged with a very special irony: that Patricia Hearst, a descendent of the man who helped teach America cynicism, became the symbolic victim of a cynical age. ●

Survivor in the Nixon White House

By Johnny Greene

Patrick Buchanan, adviser to the President, is sitting behind a desk at the White House and smiling. He is in a good humor, a jocular spirit on this February morning, despite the fact that most of the friends with whom he came into the White House in 1969 have either gone down the drain of Nixon's Watergate or, like Rose Mary Woods, are holding on for dear life.

"Have you seen much of the President lately?" I ask Pat.

"I see him whenever they unwrap him," Pat answers. Then his voice grows serious. "The President is holding up remarkably well. Most political figures I know in this country would be basket cases by now after 10 months of this kind of shelling. But I do not see a great deal of the President these days. He still deals through the staff system just as he has for the last five years."

"What's he like these days?" I ask.

Pat giggles slightly and shakes his head. "He looks pretty good when they take him past on his stretcher," he says, and both of us laugh.

Over the past few weeks, Pat tells me, he has participated in various White House discussions, ranging from Watergate to the State of the Union Address. And, he says suddenly, "If I were to hear that the President were about to resign, I'd walk right into his office and tell him not to. It would not only be unwise to resign, I think he should fight the thing right on to the end."

Now, Buchanan is talking like the man I spent considerable time with this past winter, a man I had decided would be the last White House survivor. And I became convinced once more that when the final lifeboat slips begrudgingly into the muck and pulls away from the Nixon White House, Patrick Buchanan not only will be on that boat, but will row the hardest, intent upon doing another job well for Nixon. One can see the dismayed and anxiety-driven crew—Nixon, Rose Woods, Ron Ziegler, General Haig and Henry Kissinger, teeth chattering, hands fumbling and eyeballs livid white—while the robust and undaunted Buchanan, oars in both hands, his Irish-red mane flowing, his pink nostrils flaring, his dark eyes enraged and blazing, stands planted in the pit of the boat and yells, "Row, Goddamnit, row!"

Patrick Buchanan, the Nixon adviser who outmaneuvered and outlasted Haldeman and Erlichman, plans to hang tough for three more years

It is the beginning of winter and Buchanan and I are sitting in his White House office over hot mugs of coffee. I have only met and known one other bonafide survivor before—Rosa Rembert, who lived through a steamboat wreck on Alabama's Tombigbee River in 1887—and I sense the same quality of doggedness in Buchanan, who is one of the very few Watergate survivors. "Watergate," says Pat, brusquely, disgustedly. "At the August press conference, when the American people were worried to death over meat prices, the only thing the press wanted to ask about was Watergate."

Buchanan, a six-foot-one, 170-pounder, looks like a Wild Bill Hickok without the moustache, and he's even more aggressive. His eyes never seem to blink when he's talking-staring at me, and he likes to take the attack, to crack folks,put them on the defensive.

"The resentment toward the national media is sharp in this country," says Pat. He's already told me that he has read an article of mine in this magazine, a favorable profile of the man pushing

Johnny Greene, a student at the Columbia Journalism school, previously reported for NEW TIMES *on the ACLU's Chuck Morgan.*

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR VALLA

for Nixon's impeachment. So, as he turns on the press, he is throwing me off guard a bit and I am getting my first glimpse at Buchanan's style, at how he not only has survived Watergate but how he overwhelmed the Sam Ervin Show.

"The press screamed and yelled over what we did to the May Day demonstrators," says Pat, slapping his coffee cup on his desk. "But the American people loved it. They thought the Washington police handled it magnificently—*knock their heads off*."

He loves a good scrap—political or otherwise. He beat the hell out of the Senate Watergate Committee last fall. He was sharp and quick defending Nixon on the *Dick Cavett Show*. He demolished a Russian debating team while he was on a tour of the Soviet Union. When he was a student at Georgetown University, he punched out two Washington cops, and several years later he laid out one of his fellow students at the Columbia Journalism School's Christmas party. This past summer, after the fanatical National Young Republicans censored the conservative Buchanan because he stood up for his liberal friend Spencer Oliver, Pat told them where they could go. He is a conservative ideologue who likes to drink beer to all hours with friends like Oliver and McGovern campaign leader Rick Stearns and liberal gonzo-journalist Hunter Thompson.

"Just tell me what a kid from Ohio State is doing on Key Bridge at six o'clock in the morning," Pat demands, referring to May Day 1971. "He's got no business there. Those demonstrators came in here to close down Washington. What'd the press want us to do? Let 'em close it down?"

I am waiting to break into his attack, and as he pours hot coffee into his mouth, I ask, as quickly as I can, before he swallows, while his facial expression will reveal his true reactions: "How come you never went out drinking beer with Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Ehrlichman when they were still around this place?"

His eyes sink for a moment, his cheeks bulge. He looks at me as if I am a madman. Then his eyes begin to fandango. His florid face turns acutely and instantaneously devoid of color. Forcefully, he swallows and his mouth opens and he comes forward out of his chair with a great rush of air. "Are you kidding?" he fairily shouts. "Nobody in this place went out drinking with those guys."

"Why not?"

"Because. . ." He stops and shakes his head and our eyes lock across the desk and the yellow legal pad and the steam rising slowly and surely from the cups of coffee. "Because. . ." He rubs his fingertips together and then makes a tap-tap-tap noise with them on the desk. Finally, his eyes move away and he smiles. His face relaxes and he shakes his head slightly and the smile is easy. "Because those guys just weren't the type you went around drinking with, that's why." He stops again and we stare at one another and he says, beginning to laugh now, "But I used to drink with ole John Dean."

"You could always be more candid and tough with him when you wrote to the President than when you talked to him"

When, off John Dean's testimony implicating the President, Watergate hit the Nixon Administration right between the eyes, Buchanan refused to believe the President was involved, but he began to look at the men beneath the President. He had been around Richard Nixon since 1966, when the two men traveled together day after day, on plane after plane, through that year's winning Congressional election. Buchanan had helped Nixon resurrect the party and set it up for the Presidential campaign of 1968, but after Nixon went to the White House, Pat had been shoved aside by Haldeman and Ehrlichman. And these were two of the men who, in April, were being implicated in the Watergate cover-up.

"My wife and I were down in Key Biscayne the first two weeks in April," Buchanan says. "The others were out in San Clemente. Some of the allegations were cause for alarm—you just couldn't believe what was coming across the wires and being reported in the papers. Here were guys who were your friends, who you'd worked with, being charged with serious crimes. We'd get up in the morning and read the papers and I'd ask my wife, 'What the hell's going on?' and she didn't know, either. I would call back here into the News Summary Shop to see what else was breaking on the wire and they didn't know what was going on. Things were coming fast and furious. It was hard to sort it all out, not knowing the facts, the veracity of the allegations. I felt an obligation to communicate with the President.

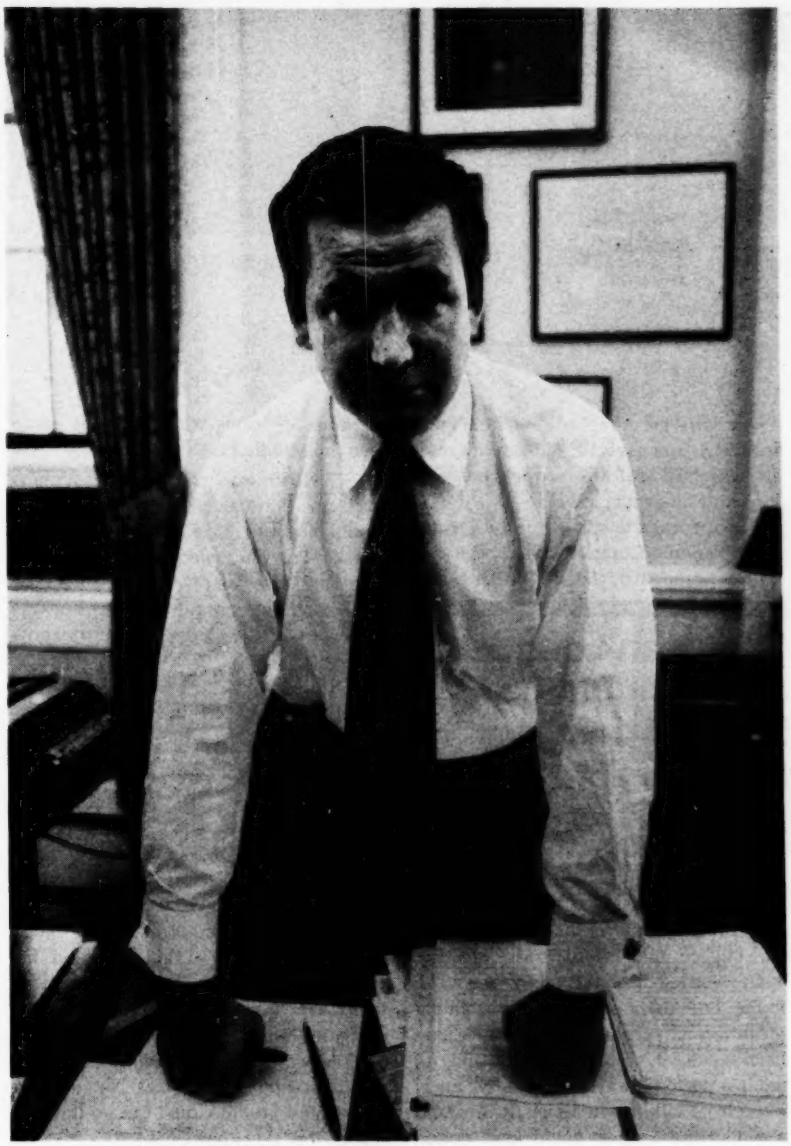
"You could always be more candid and tough with him when you wrote to the President than when you talked to him," says Pat. "We did almost all of our communicating via memoranda." So when he returned to Washington from Key Biscayne, Pat goes on, "I communicated with the President."

Pat means that he sent the President a memorandum in which he could be candid and tough. Over the years, Pat had written hundreds of memos to Nixon, all of them shuttled through Haldeman. But this one could not go through Haldeman, because it suggested that a key alternative still available to Nixon to save his administration was the firing of Haldeman.

"How did you get the memo through to the President?" I ask.

Pat grins. "I dropped it over the transom," he says, with a boyish, derisive laugh, and he jumps from his chair, his arm outstretched as if he were dunking a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY BENSON



Pat Buchanan in the Old Executive Office Building.

basketball.

I see it go through the net—that is, through Rose Mary Woods, the President's private secretary and Pat's close friend. She apparently gave Nixon the memo when the President went to Key Biscayne for the Easter weekend.

"It just seemed to me," says Buchanan, "that the President had to be cognizant of the gravity of the situation—so, to the best you could, you had to lay out for him the best available options. I felt that if wrong-doing took place within our administration, then we had an obligation to purge those individuals." Nixon read the memo and summoned Pat to Key Biscayne.

"On Easter Sunday morning," says Pat, "I got on the Jet Star and flew down to talk the entire matter over with the President. The next week, around April 30th, I think, Haldeman and Ehrlichman went over the side with John Dean."

Pat turns and our eyes level against one another and the office is quiet. "But my memo had nothing to do with their firing," he says, and I realize that a survivor must do—and say—many strange things. Both of us know exactly what results were brought by that memo.

Washington was Pat Buchanan's hometown. He was born there on November 2, 1938—All Soul's Day—and grew up in a rough-and-tumble family of six brothers and two sisters. The Buchanans were devout, highly moralistic Roman Catholics, and Pat went to Jesuit Gonzaga High School and from there to Georgetown University in Washington. He graduated with honors and earned a scholarship to Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism. From Columbia—where Pat's reputation as a right-wing ideologue still lingers—Pat went on to the conservative St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. It was while Pat worked for three and a half years in St. Louis that the Goldwater disaster took place.

Pat decided soon after the crushing Republican defeat in 1964 that if he were to work for the changes he felt a conservative election victory would bring to the country, then the politician to work for would be Richard Nixon.

His first meeting with Nixon took place in the kitchen of Don Hesse, cartoonist for the *Globe-Democrat*. "I wired the whole thing with Hesse," says Pat, laughing in recollection. "I inveigled myself an invitation to the party. I wasn't married then and I had a very attractive British girl with me. I'd made sure she dressed to the nines for the thing so she could hold his attention while I talked to him. Then I just walked up to Mr. Nixon, introduced him to my date and myself, laying on the heaviest of my titles at the newspaper, and told him if he were interested in running again in 1968, I'd like to get on early."

"He wanted to know about Pat's point of view," Hesse remembers and he laughs. "There was no doubt about Pat's viewpoints. Sometimes you had to hold Pat back a little bit. I told Nixon I thought Pat was exactly what he needed."

The relationship that Pat built with Richard Nixon from 1966 to 1968 carried Pat into the Nixon White House. But Pat's friends, like Spencer Oliver, had hoped that after all Buchanan's labors he would be named to a much higher spot in the Administration—Press Secretary or Appointments Secretary. Both of these slots went to Haldeman-Ehrlichman appointees—Ron Ziegler and Dwight Chapin. Buchanan was made a Presidential speechwriter and directed to implement a Presidential News Summary.

Pat refuses to talk about not getting a brighter spot in the Nixon White House. His friends like Oliver, however, claim Haldeman and Ehrlichman were afraid of Pat because they knew that they couldn't manipulate him as they could the others. Pat's ties to Nixon were too strong for Haldeman and Ehrlichman to threaten him. But they could limit Pat's responsibilities and leave him grappling with a Presidental News Summary, which, in fact, could virtually run itself almost as soon as it got going.

It was not until last April that Pat realized how Haldeman and Ehrlichman had used and manipulated him, as they had all the others. They had let Pat run his News Summary and they had opened to him the conference tables at the White House, where Pat had been allowed to expound his conservative, high-minded philosophical principles on the way the government should be run. In the Presidential and Vice-Presidential speeches Pat wrote, he had been allowed to write in those same principles. Then Haldeman and Ehrlichman went ahead and ran the country exactly as they wanted it run—without any principles at all.

"When Watergate began to break," says Pat, "we made a conscious effort to put into the News Summary criticism of the President. It's not taking anything from the reporters, but it was Judge Sirica's holding those guys' feet to the fire with jail terms that finally broke the Watergate case. Our feeling at the time was that a lot of the stuff they were reporting—especially the Segretti dirty tricks stuff—was being overplayed, but we still put it right into the News Summary with everything else."

"This town is full of invisible corns," says Bryce Harlow, a senior counselor to the President. "You kick them accidentally and you don't hear the shriek and you're dead. You have to be here a while to know how to hear them."

Pat Buchanan did not hear the invisible corns get crunched for a long time. Spencer Oliver says: "He just didn't realize how deep and how serious and how dangerous this thing was."

Spencer's telephone at the Democratic National Committee had been one of those tapped by James McCord, and

"You can't condemn a system on the basis of this piddling little stuff. Who's going to make it over?"

Spencer laughs as he talks about it now. "Pat and I talked over that phone when it was bugged, and it rattled McCord. But what worried Pat the most when he found out about it was what it might mean to me, personally—if anything had been taped which could be damaging to me in a personal way. Pat probably knew more from talking with Rick Stearns and me than the buggers could have gotten out of every phone in the Democratic Committee."

It is another of our winter mornings in the White House and we have been talking about some of the specifics of Buchanan's job. In a White House filled with men whose powers of reasoning often seem blunt, Buchanan has emerged as the resident intellectual and philosopher. He has written every single Nixon apology for Vietnam. He agreed with the handling of the May Day demonstrators, the mining of the Hanoi Harbor and the secret bombings of Cambodia, which he compares with the Allied Invasion of Normandy. He participated in and agreed with the Cox firing and the Saturday Night Massacre. And when I ask about the nuclear alert Nixon called on the heels of the Saturday Night Massacre, Pat defends it, saying that seven Soviet airborne divisions were about to jump into the Middle East.

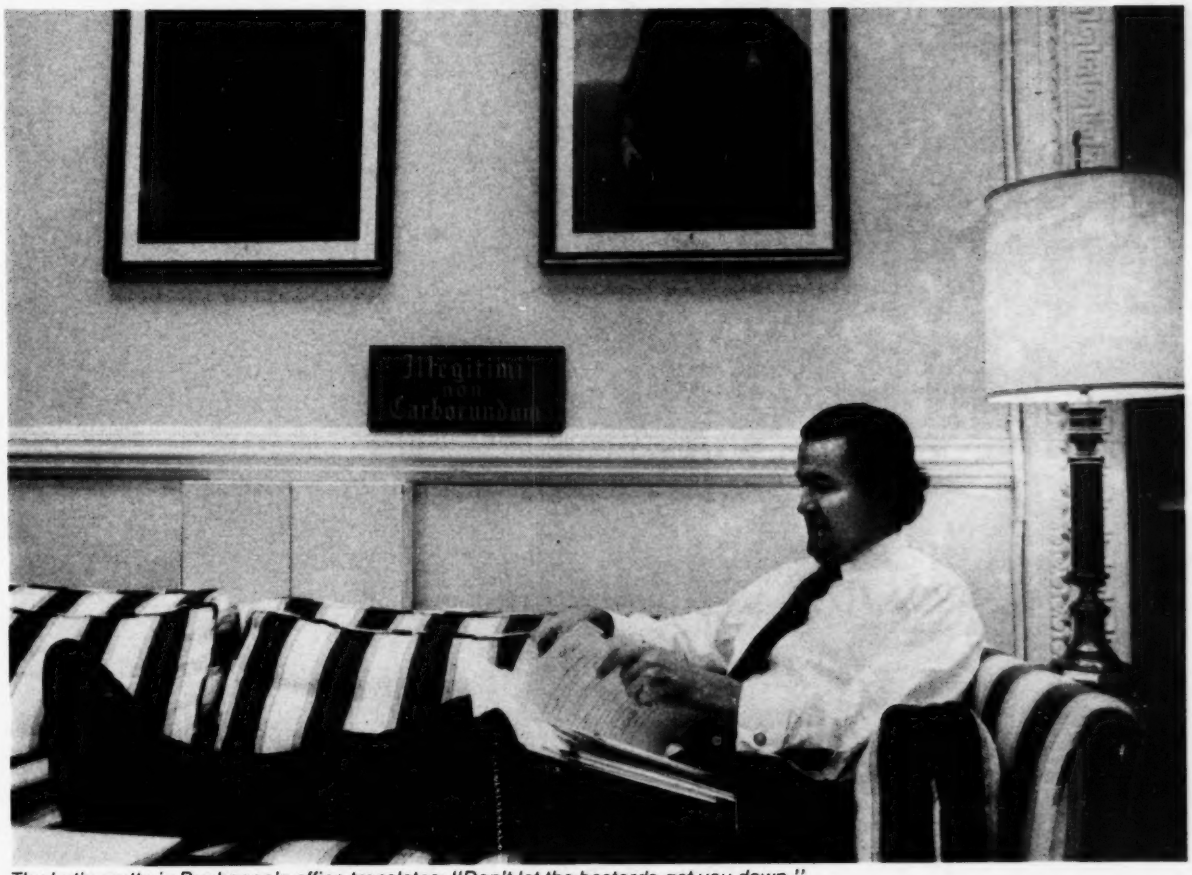
Now, our conversation comes back to Watergate. What, I ask Pat, would it take to make him resign?

"The thing would have to have a purpose," says Pat. "Or if I were asked to do something morally wrong. For instance, I would never speak out on abortion."

It would be morally wrong to him to defend abortion but not to justify bombings in Asia? I am stunned by the contradictions this Administration and Pat Buchanan will defend.

"You just don't desert people when they're in trouble," Pat says, "and you don't desert them simply because they made a mistake. The exposure of human fallibility and error doesn't shock me. I've got a sense of fatalism about this thing. What posture am I supposed to take? You can't be without a sense of sympathy for some of these guys you've worked with. All their savings are being wiped out now by legal fees. No administration and no individual can go through this kind of thing unharmed."

I close my eyes for a second and try to stifle the burning feeling in my cheeks. Legal fees. I remember the legal fees we raised for Ben Spock and Angela Davis, the Berrigans and the Chicago Seven—all of them victims of the Nixon mentality. But what I bring up is the confession of John Dean. I remember the afternoon the Marengo County Courthouse in Linden, Ala., burned down and how all the pigeons who had lived in its garrets kept ducking back into the flames and burned up with the courthouse. I ask Pat—whom I don't think is guilty of any wrong-doing, who hasn't been implicated by Dean's testimony or anybody else's—if he isn't in danger of being sucked into the whole morass of corporate guilt; didn't he think Dean was high enough up in the Administration for his confession to bear down on so many of them, collectively?



The Latin motto in Buchanan's office translates: "Don't let the bastards get you down."

"What John Dean says doesn't make invalid or tarnish what I've tried to do in the White House," says Pat, his voice rising, his words clipped. "I'm not under any obligation to defend wrong-doing or criminality and I'm not going to do so. You can't condemn a system on the basis of this piddling little stuff. Who's going to make it over? Who's got the model that we should change ours to conform to? What's the system that's done better to the individual—even the minority individual—than ours?"

I think of the individual Kent State mother who, within the system, asked for a hearing and was turned down by the Nixon Administration, and I say, "If you think the Administration has to purge itself of individuals who have either committed wrong-doing or are under allegation of so doing, don't you think the President himself, with all of the allegations against him, should step aside until those allegations are cleared up?"

"When the President says he has not violated the public trust, I believe him," Pat says, forcefully, almost automatically, as if he has memorized these words and repeated them nightly.

But, I point out, the last lines of Nixon's defense—Rose Mary Woods, especially—are beginning to crumble in the face of Watergate charges. "Would you commit perjury to protect Richard Nixon?" I ask.

Pat looks up, his face red and hot, the lines deep across his forehead. "Under no circumstances would I ever commit perjury," he says.

"If you were asked to, would you?"

"They wouldn't ask me to."

"Others have already been asked."

"We don't know that for sure."

"Why don't you think Nixon should resign, when you thought the others who were under accusation for wrong-doing should resign?"

"I do not think the President of the United States should resign, because . . ." Pat stops and turns his face away and then he looks back. "Because I think he has capabilities for leadership which no other man in this country has right now."

Patrick Buchanan spent seven years working to make Richard Nixon President so that he, Buchanan, could help swing the country away from a feared liberal juggernaut. Pat had a vision of a reduced Federal bureaucracy that could be housed under one roof and respond to people who were being left out by charts and graphs. He wanted a government of law-abiding citizens, and he assumed the officials would be law-abiding also. Now, when Pat leaves the White House, he will, according to his former classmate and New York *Daily News* editor Dick Oliver, probably wind up with a $50,000-a-year job as a syndicated columnist. But that is not the same.

I think of this one day as I leave his office and walk out onto the wide sidewalk and stand near the ugly, black White House fence. I see Washington taxi cabs piled up against one another at the streetlights, empty, and a forlorn-looking man—his body encased by placards—moving tediously along the White House fence. "The Wicked of the Earth Shall Perish," his sign says. "Surrender Now, Richard Nixon."

I turn away from the sign. What difference did it make who Pat Buchanan went out drinking with? What did it matter at this very moment that some men see right and try to do it and others do not? What did we want them to say of what they had done? That they are sorry? That they were wrong? That they hope to do better? ●

Sex Surrogates Dan and Sylvia.

Orgasms for sale

In which a nice Jewish girl and a drop-out advertising executive find true happiness repairing and fine-tuning other people's love machines

By Marcia Seligson

Danny Tompkins gets paid for having intercourse with women and considers himself a "pioneer," a "humanitarian" and a "therapist"; Sylvia Kars is in the rare position of having every one of her clients fall desperately in love with her, offering her trips, marriage, diamonds and the moon. Both are not—as it might at first appear—engaged in the world's oldest profession, but in a rather new one, a job category created by the particular surges of American life in the '70s. Danny and Sylvia are Sexual Surrogates.

An explanation is clearly in order. When Drs. Masters and Johnson set up their sex therapy program in St. Louis in 1959—a program that became the model for a startling innovative approach to the most ancient of problems—they were faced with the issue of how to deal with unmarried people. Philosophically and therapeutically, they believed in treating couples; the patient, they asserted, was never either individual but the relationship itself. On the other hand, people without mates were also in sexual difficulty and entitled to help. So, the

Contributing Editor Seligson is author of The Eternal Bliss Machine, *a book about "the American way of wedding."*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM WOOD/STILLLIFE

scheme was devised of providing a surrogate sex partner for the patient during his treatment. These were paid employees, viewed as third members of the therapeutic team. Interestingly, surrogates were always women, hired to partner the male patients exclusively. Unmarried females, thus, were not accepted as patients in the Masters and Johnson program.

Today, after some 15 years, the sex therapy business has evolved dramatically and publicly; clinics have sprouted up all over America, and in much the same manner that Esalen and the group encounter game 10 years ago grew into an upper-middle-class married couples' sport, now many of those very folks are scurrying to Masters and Johnson or any of their fleet of disciples for two weeks, at $2,500 a throw, to cure what has become known in the jargon of the day as "dysfunction"—impotence or premature ejaculation in men, nonorgasm in women being the most oft-heard complaints. If the sufferers are single, or cursed with an uncooperative spouse, they shuffle off to Danny Tompkins, Sylvia Kars or one of the other 20 or so sexual surrogates scattered around the country— most of them perched, predictably, in California. And there they get treated with some variation of the techniques invented by Masters and Johnson (and practiced by them with an astonishing cure rate of 80 percent). For surrogates, who are only dealing with one member of a marriage, "success" is more difficult to validly acclaim. And a lot kinkier.

> When you phone Sylvia, her answering device leaves you with the throaty message, "And have a sensual day"

"How does a nice Jewish girl fall into a line of work like this?" I ask Sylvia Kars over dinner one night at a Hollywood bistro, aware that the temptation to toss out absurd puns is overwhelming. I mean, Sylvia looks and seems like a nice sensible 40ish divorcee who could be busily engaged in circulating petitions to impeach Nixon before rushing off to her macramé class. (To be sure, I'm not certain what a sexual surrogate *should* look like, but I would probably not choose Sylvia in a police lineup.) In fact, surrogating is but a logical extension of her essential career—she runs Discovery Institute, which offers weekend courses in Basic and Advanced Sensuality. When you phone Sylvia, her answering device leaves you with the throaty message, "And have a *sensual* day."

At the moment Sylvia has six "clients." Nobody in the field calls them "patients" and certainly not "customers," and they are never "sick" but "dysfunctional." I point out to Sylvia that I would infinitely prefer to have a sickness than anything known as a "dysfunction"; she's not impressed. She insists clients be referred to her by their psychiatrists, with whom she consults on progress. She also insists on being paid through the doctor; to take money directly "would make me feel like a whore." She says: "At first I thought the doctors would dictate to me what my session should consist of and I would follow their advice, but it turns out to be just the opposite. They want me to report what *I'm* doing, because I'm the only one who knows what's going on with the guy's body." What is generally going on with said body is premature ejaculation in two of her men, secondary impotence in two. (Secondary impotence means "sometimes," primary means "never.") They range in age from mid-20s to one man in his 60s; two are married. They come to Sylvia's apartment in west Los Angeles on the average of one hour, twice a week, for three to four months, and they work on the very bed in which she sleeps and she says she's never yet had a failure. Must be sensational for a girl's ego, I think to myself, and in fact Sylvia's up-front erotic confidence exudes. Although she has had no formal job training, she uses the basic M&J behavioristic techniques, combined with a lot of the sensuality stuff she teaches, and a hefty quantity of playing it by ear, so to speak.

Sylvia grew up in Los Angeles and was married once for a brief time. Her career history—market research, managing a singer, public relations, being an office manager for a gynecologist—does not seem to form a predictable progression to sensuality and surrogating. She's never studied anatomy, sex therapy or psychology ("I don't know if there's any place to get a credential in how to be more sensual," she states, unarguably) but declares she's had "a lot of exposure to the body working for a gynecologist," and sort of slipped into her *What's My Line* line after taking some sensuality courses at a humanistic institute in town.

Prior to Masters and Johnson, sexual problems were mostly buried in dark closets or handled ineffectively in psychoanalysis, where a man, say, would spend 15 years exploring the roots of his impotence and at the end still be impotent. The

Dan and Sylvia: "More or less non-monogamous."

team's laboratory research led them to the evidently valid conclusion that dysfunction is not necessarily a symptom of deep psychic illness, but rather a function of ignorance, fear of sex, religious taboos, emotional deprivation and—that most American of hang-ups—Performance Anxiety. Dr. William Hartman, a rather randy sex therapist in Long Beach, synthesizes it neatly: "If a guy's in bed with a girl and for some reason he can't get it up, already he's got performance anxieties. The next time he's in bed he's fixated on it, so naturally he can't get it up again. The more he concentrates on it, the more he's guaranteeing his own failure. A lifelong impotence can result from *one* experience like this."

Our culture demands performance; as Americans we tend to polarize ourselves into Winners or Losers, Achievers or non-Achievers. Sex—in the new dawn of openness, liberation, Dr. Reuben and Linda Lovelace—has become yet another stadium where the name of the game is Success. Or Failure. A girl reads an article titled "The Earth Moves When I Have My Eleventh Orgasm," frantically thinks, my-God-I-only-have-two-and-the-*bed*-barely-jerks, and suddenly she arrives at a sex clinic with "dysfunction." This is the key to what the surrogates insist they're dealing with, and the tenets of their treatment are thus to deemphasize performance, orgasm, erection, even genitalia altogether and to stress sensuality, tenderness and process rather than goals. The assumption being, according to Dr. Hartman, that "when you tell a guy to get it up, it goes whoosh; when you tell him not to, it becomes a rock." Graceless, well yes; simplistic, perhaps. But apparently this is just about how it works.

Accordingly, Sylvia the Surrogate employs the Masters and Johnson notion of "sensate focus," in which the pressure is forcibly removed from sexual athleticism. "When a client comes to me," she explains over shrimp salad, "I immediately put him into a non-performance role. I am totally non-threatening to him, will not demand he satisfy me or make any commitments to me. Since there's no head-tripping on his part, the symptoms readily disappear. We start out very slowly, spending several sessions just getting to know each other. Maybe I'm just rubbing his back or giving him a bath. I use lots of tactile, sensual techniques to get him in touch with the non-genital pleasures of his body, and I never insist he be nude until he's totally comfortable."

"What do *you* wear," I ask, realizing the question seems irrelevant in the larger picture, but I'm curious nonetheless.

"I answer the door in a kaftan, very flowing and open. Then I work in a bikini so that the guy won't feel like it's a date and he has to *do* something. Then, in the later stages, I work nude."

Back to the earlier stages. Foot and face caressing is a basic step, followed by an all-over body caress exercise in which the genitals are neither ignored nor emphasized. Lotions and oils are applied, much time is taken, and sexual arousal frequently occurs. If it does, it is *never* to be rewarded, since performance compulsion is a no-no. After several sessions, they progress to something ominously labeled "quiet vagina and stuffing," which only means insertion of the penis—even if flaccid—with no movement permitted. If orgasm occurs in the client, that, too, is not rewarded. If it happens for the surrogate—well, that's another story.

The more Sylvia explains her nine-to-five life to me, the more perplexed and uncomfortable I become. She seems, in some corner of my head, like a fantasy hooker—getting primped and perfumed to welcome the stranger to her boudoir, performing wondrous feats that magically transform him from rice pudding to Zeus. But, wait. Strike that. She's a "therapist." Yes.

Actual in-the-flesh intercourse between surrogate and client is the stickiest of wickets and it is only very recently that Sylvia, Danny, et. al., are doing it, or admitting to doing it. You see, technically their activities fall under laws against prostitution and adultery since there is penetration and an exchange of money; the therapist who recommends the surrogate is legally a pimp or panderer; if anybody involved crosses a state line, it's the Mann Act. So far nobody's been harassed, but Masters and Johnson stopped using surrogates altogether a few years ago when the husband of one sued them for alienation of affections and a big settlement was made out of court.

I ask Sylvia if she practices oral sex on/with/from/to her clients—as this, too, has been a heavy taboo. She answers: "Rarely. I'm very oral and I like to do oral things on the body but not necessarily genital. I do it only if it feels comfortable during the session." I press on: "You mean comfortable therapeutically or if

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Atlantic City WFPG 1450

NEW MEXICO
Clovis KWKA 680
Roswell KKAT 1430

NEW YORK
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El Paso	KTSM	1380
Houston	KTRH	740
Lubbock	KFYO	790
San Antonio	KITE	930
Wichita Falls	KWFT	620
UTAH		
Cedar City	KSUB	590
Salt Lake City	KSL	1160
VERMONT		
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Brattleboro	WKVT	1490
Burlington	WJOY	1230
Newport	WIKE	1490
St. Johnsbury	WTWN	1340
VIRGINIA		
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Spokane	KXLY	920
Sunnyside	KREW	1230
Walla Walla	KUJ	1420
WEST VIRGINIA		
Beckley	WJLS	560
Charleston	WCHS	580
WISCONSIN		
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CBS RADIO

mystery theater

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you get turned on?" Sylvia: "Yeah, I guess if I get turned on. Yeah."

Sylvia is as ambitious as any striving young corporate type and recalls the early months of Discovery Institute when "I was having a love affair with my business and no personal life. Then, one day I took a look at myself and said, 'When does Sylvia get hers. When does somebody take care of *my* needs?' I was getting cranky and irritable. So I got a couple of boyfriends and it's easier now." She claims she's constantly turning down invitations to orgies, since many people think—not unreasonably, one supposes—that she's a terrific swinger. She's not.

Danny Tompkins is one of about four known male surrogates in existence, this odd fact having to do with the statistical truth that far fewer women than men seek help; they have evidently not yet reached the point of claiming their right to sexual happiness and, physiologically, can ignore or conceal non-performance in a way that a man simply cannot.

Judging by the demand placed lately on Danny Tompkins' time, this state is shifting. Most of his clients are unmarried women and come to him with a range of complaints, from the inability to reach orgasm to the simple desire to brush up on oral sex and positions. He charges $35 for a two-hour session (the semester runs from one session to seven) and works from his room in a Santa Monica motel. If it all sounds a wee bit smarmy—I mean, he does get laid *a lot* in his chosen profession—Danny is nothing if not earnest. "The pattern of my life has always been to be in pioneering fields, on the edge of new developments," the 45-year-old ex-scientist asserts. He has moved from semi-conductor physics, in which he experimented with transistors in their early days, to advertising—his own agency—which he more or less abandoned when he fell into the Human Potential Movement. Nudity and massage and sensuality workshops and surrogating. Until a few months ago, Danny lived with Sylvia and learned his current trade by helping her run Discovery Institute—which qualifies, I suppose, as a sort of classic Southern California Love Story.

Danny, who at the moment is writing a book and a screenplay about his surrogate experiences, grew up in Philadelphia, received his Ph.D. in physics from Purdue University and, until five years ago, was, as he describes it, "superstraight, middle-class, middle-income and mediocre." Then, a victim of your basic "40-year-old Syndrome," also known as There Has to Be More to Life Than This, he threw over his wife of 19 years and all of his possessions, and began the odd odyssey that has led him to his present life's station.

"The ideal surrogate is an unattractive person" he says, "because that way the client doesn't necessarily fall in love with you or think just because you're the first guy she's had an orgasm with it's because you're handsome and she won't be able to make it with anybody else." Danny is rather sexy (and much more lighthearted about all this than Sylvia) and so lots of clients become attached to him. He says it's thorny to withstand involvement beyond the correct professional limits. "One girl was really looking for a relationship, and since I'm not such a bad looking guy and have sensitivity, she fell in love by the second session." How did you handle it, I wonder? "I laid it on the line," he says, blessedly unaware of his pun. " 'You're paying me your money and I'm not here to be your lover. If you want to meet outside this laboratory, I'll do it—some other time. But you'll never come back inside this bedroom for treatment again.' " Is this the mythic dream job, I ask myself, the life every American boy is programmed to seek?

Though it all sounds a wee bit smarmy—I mean, he does get laid a lot—Danny is nothing if not earnest

So I ask Danny if this work ever gets it off for him, sexually, and his answer is startling to me. He claims that he can will an erection "when it's convenient for demonstration of position," prevent it when that seems appropriate and stop himself from having an orgasm. He can work with anybody and never becomes emotionally involved. Sylvia, on the stereotypic female contrary, is highly selective about whom she accepts ("he doesn't have to turn me on, but there have to be good vibes"), finds herself struggling with the temptation to have an affair with one of her current clients and gets terrifically aroused during her workday.

Both Danny and Sylvia feel it imperative to maintain a satisfying love life outside of the "office" so that one doesn't look to surrogating as compensation for other lacks. Says Danny: "It's your obligation to find happiness or pull yourself out of surrogate work until you do." My intuitive impression is that Danny has an easier time of that than Sylvia, who admits: "I've learned to take care of my own body" and finds that she's "a threat to a lot of boyfriends because they worry about their performance with somebody who's so aware of sex." Both of them say they will get out of the field if it messes up their personal lives or if sex becomes too casual.

According to a local sex therapist who trains surrogates, the majority are either married or living with someone, but in sexually open arrangements. All "are highly sexed and profoundly interested in sex, intellectually as well as physically" (whatever that means). Small sidelight: practically all male surrogates have had vasectomies.

Danny is currently living with a young woman in a relationship that is "more or less non-monogamous." He has never, with the exception of the last seven months, lived alone, although he believes fervently in sexual freedom and is a member of that blossoming California subculture of folks committed to all variations of social and sexual experimentation.

Sylvia appears to be a lot straighter but in fact is "opening my head. I'm not saying 'no' to anything these days," including being the so-called Other Woman in an open marriage. Divorced 12 years, with no kids, she doesn't want remarriage but is "looking for several meaningful relationships."

It's hard to know what to think of this surrogate business. Elbow-in-the-rib wisecracks emerge impulsively and, for me, probably spring from some indefinable spot of anxiety. Sexual problems are surely real and often crushing, and whoever or whatever can help the pained—then, why not? Touching and caressing certainly never hurt anybody, right? But surrogating seems a facile device at best, a simplistic, perhaps momentary solution to a vastly complex state. What, for instance, about sex as the metaphor for the dynamics of a relationship, where a man learns to function tip-top with Sylvia—undemanding, non-threatening, not involved—then returns to a difficult marriage, with a wife who, to boot, is not trained in Sylvia's Olympian stunts? What about the woman who becomes orgasmic with Danny but remains cold when real emotional connection to a man looms? Where does "sensate focus" and foot caressing enter *these* pictures? None of the surrogates or sex therapists to whom I've addressed this hairy question provide a satisfying response. On the other hand, Sylvia tells me, rather boastfully, she's got a new client flying in from Houston once a week because he's unable to ejaculate.

Who am I to argue? ●

Alice, Here's how to start your fresh herbs indoors and have a ball doing it.

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After I saved my winter's supply of old, and sadly empty Cuervo bottles, I got out my bottle cutter and cut them all off just above the label so I'd have a nice square glass. I did the usual little stones and earth. They really fit nice on a shelf. Planted Basil, Thyme, Cress and Chives for my salads.

Got to start now on next years supply of Planters ☺. It sure is wild tasting stuff (The Cuervo I mean.) Stop by next time you're by the big town and I'll fix you up with a little. Just straight with salt and lime.

Best Cat Jacobs

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A Bad Year For Bananafish

Baltimore, Md.—*"We shared the same bed for 32 years. The governor's job must have gotten to him. I think he needs psychiatric treatment or something."—Mrs. Barbara Mandel*

On a winter morning that shone with all the colonial brilliance the capital city of Annapolis, Md., could produce, a moving van pulled up to the governor's mansion. These men with strong backs began hauling steamer trunks and furniture, and watching from a distance was a group of reporters—like so many Rona Barretts—ready to document the most historic move in Maryland history.

The governor's old lady was splitting. Amid all this hubbub out stepped Mrs. Barbara Mandel. She was smiling and gracious and she waved to the cameramen. The First Lady then stepped into an automobile and was swept away to her new apartment in a predominantly Jewish section of Northwest Baltimore. Out there they call her "Bootsie."

Bootsie's separation from the governor was a curious footnote to the end of Maryland's 1973 and also perhaps an ominous portent of the future. It was a year when a vice-president of the United States stood meekly in a Baltimore courtroom and took a header. It was a period when federal marshals' handcuffs were clicking shut on the wrists of dozens of Baltimore cops. A state legislator was indicted for running millions of dollars' worth of heroin—a lawmaking Superfly. The legislator, James "Turk" Scott, was killed before he could be brought to trial in a vicious execution/ambush. Credit for the murder was claimed by a gang of black Vietnam veterans.

The year brought charges of political corruption against Baltimore County Executive Dale Anderson. Agnew's successor. Even Anderson's top prosecutor was indicted for embezzlement and bribery. The chief judge of the Baltimore Supreme Bench was recommended for censure after a scandal that alleged he swung his official weight in making a profitable real estate deal.

A congressman from the Eastern Shore blew off his head with a shotgun after publication of reports that $25,000 was contributed illegally to his campaign.

The year saw several children die in ghetto row-house fires, and a spaced-out robber held up a pharmacy with a banana. Then he ate his weapon in front of arresting police. Then he passed out.

Not to disregard this last feat as a minor sin in a year of peculiar crime, the banana bandit's name was Babe O'Toole.

Yes, it was a bad year in Baltimore. In other times Jersey City or Chicago might have stood a chance against us. But this time we had Bootsie and Marvin, and Spiro and Dale, and, well, Babe O'Toole.
By Joe Nawrozki

A piece of the Eye-ful Towah

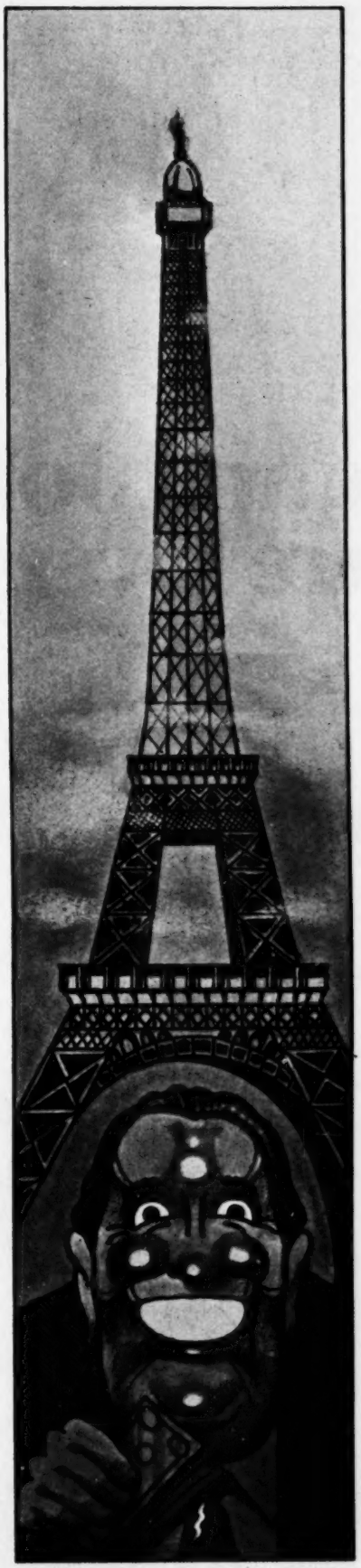
North Myrtle Beach, S.C.—The Eye-ful Towah. That's what Bill Hussey calls the Eiffel Tower in his pleasant, thick-as-grits drawl. And Bill, he oughta know, 'cause he says he's gonna buy the damn thing and move it to South Carolina. Yep. Says he's gonna take it apart like one of them toy erector sets, float it over and put it right here on the Grand Strand. Home of the world's widest beach and a dozen or so beautiful golf courses. Home of sand, surf, suds, sun, smacky-mouth and the shag, if you're 16. Home of honky-tonkying Myrtle Beach, if you're looking for cheap thrills, and home of peaceful Pawley's Island, if you're looking for quaintness.

And maybe, if Bill Hussey has anything to do with it, the future home of the Eye-ful Towah. The biggest tourist attraction you ever did see. Yep.

Bill Hussey is a country boy from Beargaw, North Carolina, 61 years old and about to retire from 25 lucrative years in beach real estate. Last October he decided to take the missus on a luxury cruise to France aboard the *Queen Elizabeth II*. While in Paris, their guide let on that the Eiffel Tower was for sale. "We did like a lot of other people do when I say we're trying to move it over here," Bill Hussey says. "We laughed. But then I said, facetiously, 'Let's buy it.'

"That night back at the hotel I got to talking to some of the people who came over with us on the ship—and they were nationally known figures, whose names I can't give you. It was 'Lord This' and 'Lady That' and 'Sir Something Else.' Anyway, we got to talking about buying the tower. So we got an agent in France to begin making inquiries about it. We've never yet, let me stress, had full verification of the fact that it is for sale. But many factors make us believe it *is* for sale."

While his agent in France is handling the details of the purchase, Hussey is trying to iron out practical problems of moving the 984-foot tower to South Carolina. His plan is to dismantle it, move it down the Seine on barges and ship it to Georgetown, an ocean port 40 miles south of North Myrtle Beach. Then he will erect it on 100 acres of land near the Atlantic Ocean and probably surround it with an amusement park.



Hussey knows there will be complications. He has already received approval from the local city council to erect it within the city limits. He is negotiating with the Federal Aviation Agency for clearance to locate the tall tower near an established landing pattern. He is consulting with experts about the problems of tearing down the cast-iron structure, shipping it—no one seems to know how much it weighs—and replacing damaged parts. He's seeking advice on how to prevent the iron from rusting in the salt air and from sinking in the sandy soil.

Hussey hasn't yet asked what it would all cost. And if he's got any idea how much it might cost, he's not talking. He has let local reporters print figures ranging from $16 million to $50 million. And he has some unusual ideas about financing the project.

He proposes that he and his friends will make a down payment on the tower when it is officially for sale. Then they will raise the remainder of the money by selling stock in the tower to the "little people" across the country at $10 a share.

"This is the thing that hit me so good the other day," Hussey says. "I was up near Calabash [a local fishing village] and I stopped at a little grocery store there and a fellow walked up and said, 'Ain't you Mister Hussey?' I said I was. He said, 'I understand you gonna sell stock in the *Ivory* Tower.'

"I said, 'Yes, I'm gonna sell stock in the tower, if we get the tower.' He said, 'Ten dollars a share?' I said that was right. He said, 'I want five shares for my boy and five shares for my girl.'

"I said, 'Good. When it comes, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll issue you the number one certificate.' So I took his name and address and put it in the file. He's a working man, drives a pulpwood truck.

"I know a lot of people think it's a joke. But this is no hoax. I'm too old to be pullin' a hoax. Another guy bought the London Bridge, tore it down brick by brick and brought it to Arizona as a tourist attraction. And they brought the *Queen Mary* over here and anchored it as a floating hotel."

Hussey smiles, leans back in his chair and puts a finger behind either ear. "And if we do get it, you'll see a guy with a grin from here to here."

And then what? Well, Hussey's friends say that whenever they ask him that, he just smiles and says, "Then maybe we'll go after the Leaning Tower of Pisa."
By Jon Buchan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON

Mayor John Ford before the Macon County Courthouse: the barricades quietly collapsed.

Tassy and Johnny are lovers...

and the South will never be the same again

Johnny Ford is the first black mayor of Tuskegee, Alabama. That's only his latest distinction.

By Marshall Frady

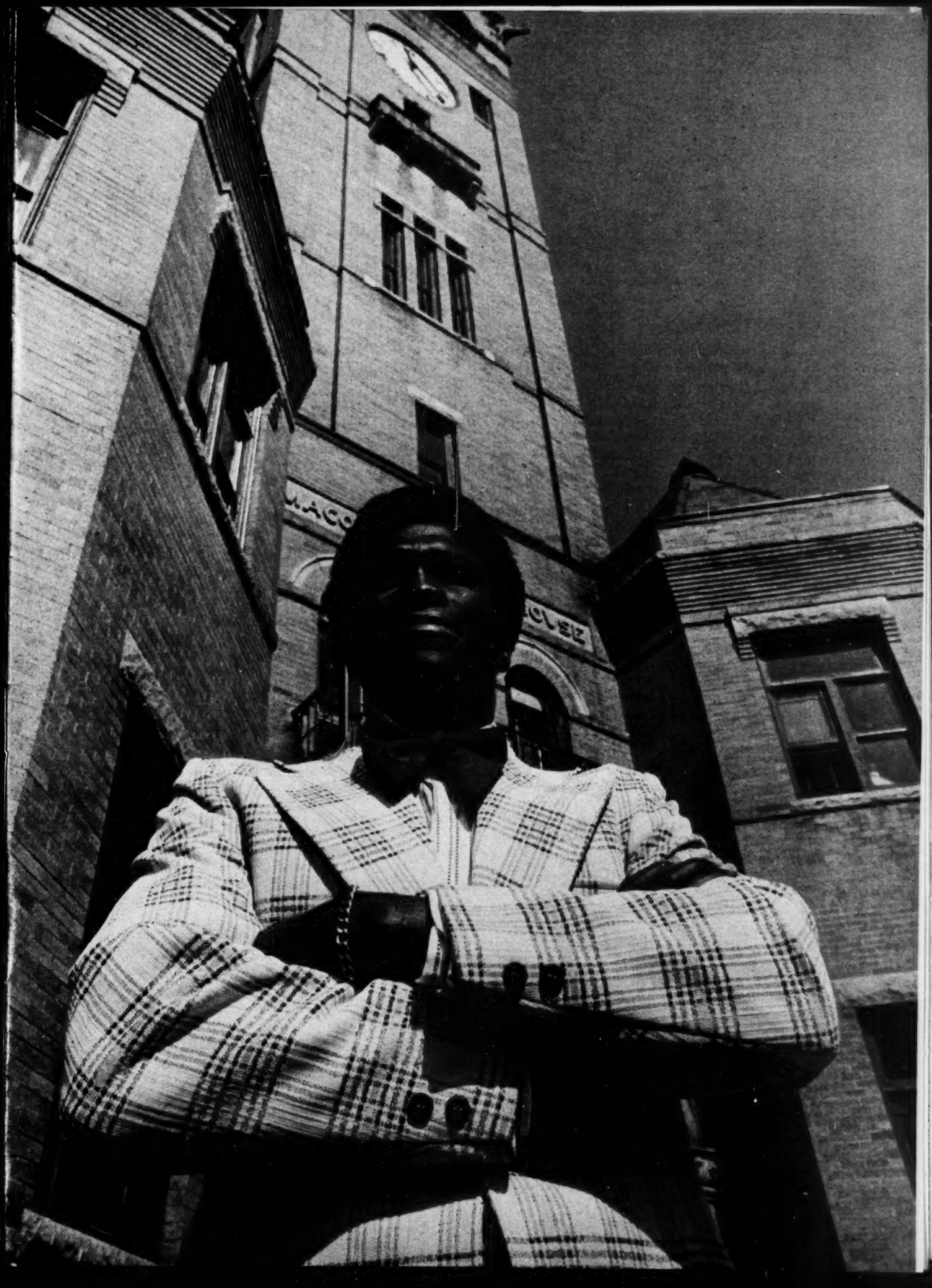
Maybe in a thousand or two thousand years in America . . . . But not now! Not now!
—William Faulkner, *Go Down, Moses*

It was only one of many similar occurrences, back in that shadowy primeval age in the South before the Civil War, that were never inked in filigreed spidery script into the front-leaf dynastic chronicles in the parlor Bibles. In this instance, a thorny and grizzled old patriarch, who presided over a plantation with a multitude of slaves down in a south Alabama Black-Belt community called Union Springs, was preparing to take a new wife. A few days before the wedding, his son notified him that he was himself in love with one of their slave women, and meant to make his life with her. The father, in reeling fury, dispossessed him, and promptly dispatched the female slave to another owner. The youth lingered until the day of the wedding. Then, during the marriage feast, he poisoned his father—and fled, vanished, never to be seen again.

Generations later—wars, occupations, movements, marchings, assassinations, countless tides of legislation later—on a bright and winey recent morning, a trim and pale young woman who is directly descended from that dour and implacable slaveholder was playing tennis with her husband in a city park in Tuskegee, Alabama. Raised on the same plantation site at Union Springs, some 25 miles away, she was styled and toned according to the immemorial protocols of Alabama ladyhood—the tidy decorums of her local Methodist church, the cavalier rituals of football weekends and Alpha Gamma Delta sorority dances at the University of Alabama. Married now three years, she has that mild, unfocused prettiness generic to the Southern belle. Her two-year-old son—an elfin child with large, luminous eyes named John-John—was happily scuffling among the swings and sand and slides of a nearby playground. From the shaded court, the spaced taut pongs of rackets echoed, with the ball drifting in long, white, soft blurs back and forth across the net in a measured and almost ceremonial exchange, as calm and exquisite as a minuet, between the woman and her husband, Johnny Ford, who is the mayor of Tuskegee, and who is black.

It is quite probable that Johnny Ford's own forebears, as he points out, were among those slaves on the plantation of his wife's ancestors. A tall and heavy-shouldered man in his early 30s, built with the sleek, compacted brawn of a welterweight, deeply and glisteningly black with a suggestion of a cinema actor's handsomeness, he is rather quiet and withdrawn in composure, sober and spare and

Photographs by Al Clayton



compressed of word and gesture—given only to a certain rainbowed Carnaby Street nattiness in attire. The son of a menial assistant at the local veterans' hospital, he grew up on the fringes of Tuskegee in a glum, ramshackle neighborhood of water-wells and scrap-plank outhouses, grassless dishwater-puddled yards, with a constant vague whiff even in summer twilights of smoke from unseen pine-kindling fires in dim back bedrooms. The city's park was segregated then behind a high, bleak stone wall that had the gothic look of a medieval rampart, with a dedication plaque mortared into a buttress by one of its iron-spiked gates, and Ford recalls, "I'd stare up there at that thing, with the mayor's name right up at the top there, and think to myself, *If that man can keep all of us out of this park, he must be one powerful dude. Yeah, that's what I'm gonna be, mayor of this town. . . .*" But that prospect could not have seemed then a more remote and implausible whimsy. Ford and his friends would sometimes climb a chinaberry tree by the park's wall to watch the scions of the town's white gentry playing baseball inside, "and I can remember," Ford says with a small smile, "how the white folks would point at us and holler, 'Hey, look a-yonder at those blackbirds up there.' "

When one pauses to take account of what has actually transpired in the South in only the past 10 years, history seems to have somewhere, unnoticed, calmly somersaulted into realms of the psychedelic. It's as if, since those few glowering, now half-forgotten, summers of anger and danger and outrage in the '60s, a whole century has quietly passed in the deeps of Dixie. The stumpy figure of George Wallace striking his sullen pose atop a soft-drink crate at a doorway of the University of Alabama in '63 to deny entrance to two black students . . . the Cossack-like charge of Lingo's troopers across Selma Bridge in a haze of gas and flailing of clubs . . . all those grave processionals slowly advancing with a mighty clapping of freedom hymns down tawdry, little flat-roofed Southern main streets in brassy, hot afternoons toward the cedar-shaded lawns of courthouses where sheriff's deputies—their faces impassive and blank as glass, patiently chewing tiny wads of Juicy Fruit gum with a barely perceptible stirring of their jaws against their helmet straps—waited with dogs and shotguns and cattle-prods and paddywagons. . . . All the convulsions and agonies and brave travails of those theatrical days seem now a sound and fury quaintly remote and diminished and archaic, belonging to some simpler, lost age of innocence. If nothing else, it leaves one at least with a hopeful suspicion of how ephemeral, after all, are the old human furies of intransigence and irreconcilability.

It's as if, since those half-forgotten summers of anger and outrage in the 60s, a century has passed in Dixie

At the same time, many of the apocalyptic pronouncements of the malarial-eyed segregationists of those days are, in a sense, surrealistically turning out to be fulfilled—though not precisely in the way they had in mind. It appears now that the South did hold within itself, unuttered, the answer and resolution for its own ancient racial duress—but not in sustaining and fortifying its old order of division: rather, in delivering itself at last into full daylight as the single society and single people, black and white, it has really always been, privately and tacitly and furtively, from its very beginning.

For the white citizens of Tuskegee, at least, being presided over by a black mayor married to a white woman would seem a realization of their most arabesque nightmares of the '60s, but there has hardly ensued a stampeding evacuation out of town. Rather they have settled themselves comfortably into the city's booming new vigor under Ford's leadership, with a dusty sprawl of acres on its outskirts being cleared now for a new jetport, and a new Holiday Inn recently opened.

Over a cup of coffee one afternoon in a Tuskegee restaurant that had once been the local Klan lair, Ford himself was moved to speculate, after a nearby tableful of frilled and talcumed white matrons had greeted him with a flurry of cordial chirpings, "I've long felt that the South is the real new frontier in this nation. I don't know if it's so true in the rest of this country, but there's been a personal relationship between whites and blacks down here for so long—lot of meanness in it, sure, but a lot of compassion, too. Main thing is, it's been *warm*, you know, whether hate or love—it's been close and *personal*—and whenever you have that, man, that's when you got the only true and vital basis for achieving a real community, a real *human* society."

And even if there should materialize now in the South that last and most traumatic hobgoblin in the conjurations of the segregationist evangelists during the '60s—intermarriage— the particular marriage of Francis Baldwin Rainer and Johnny Ford suggests that it will be with a surpassing normalcy: a casual ordinariness that— given the South's ferocious past—is yet spectacular. Francis, who is known by her nickname, Tas, says, "I don't know, maybe some people are marrying now interracially because it's the politically stylish thing to do, and that's okay, I suppose, if it helps in creating a wider acceptance. But," Tas continues, "I don't see interracial marriage as the deliverance for America. You just don't marry somebody for ideological reasons, because it won't work in the long run. It can only set us back. If intermarriage is going

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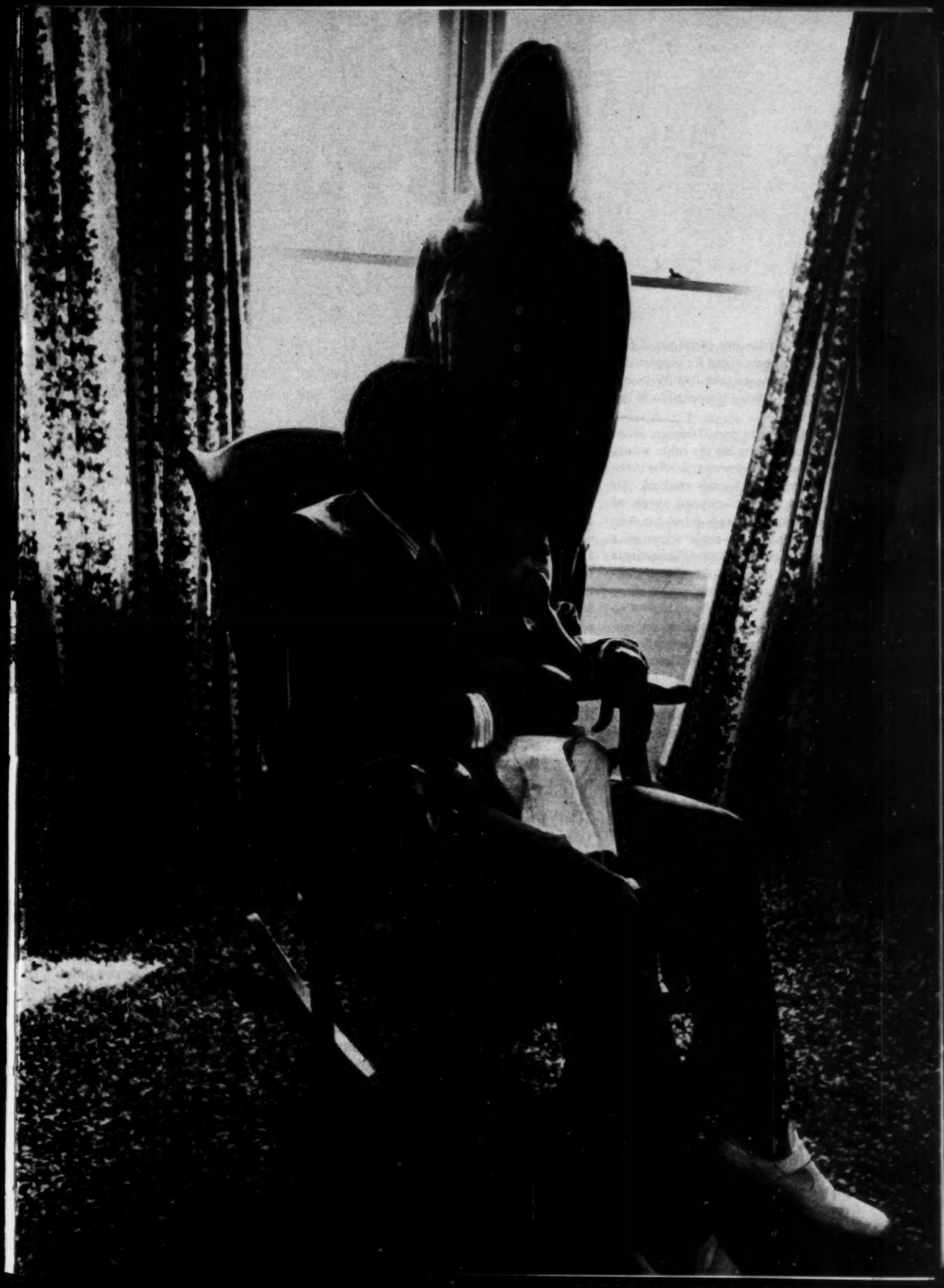


to deliver America out of its racial impasse, it has to come about for simpler and more natural reasons than that. With me, it was just that Johnny happened to be the man I loved."

For the most part, Tuskegee is indistinguishable from all the other scanty and incidental little towns scattered innumerably over the South's outback. Its square, with a close-cropped sheen of grass under stubby, shaggy pines, has at its center that inevitable runic totem of a Confederate soldier. Around the square is the customary meager collection of shallow, dusty-windowed buildings, a dime store, a vast yellow-brick citadel of a courthouse, horned with turrets and gables, hulking on one corner. Immediately off the square, the residential streets of that time before the Confederacy lead off under vaulted arches of water oaks like long, hushed tunnels, dwindling away down ranked galleries of those mouldering manorial homes, where on summer evenings old women appear in the sideyards after supper, wearing shabby woolen shawls, their hair like dim, white smoke in the twilight.

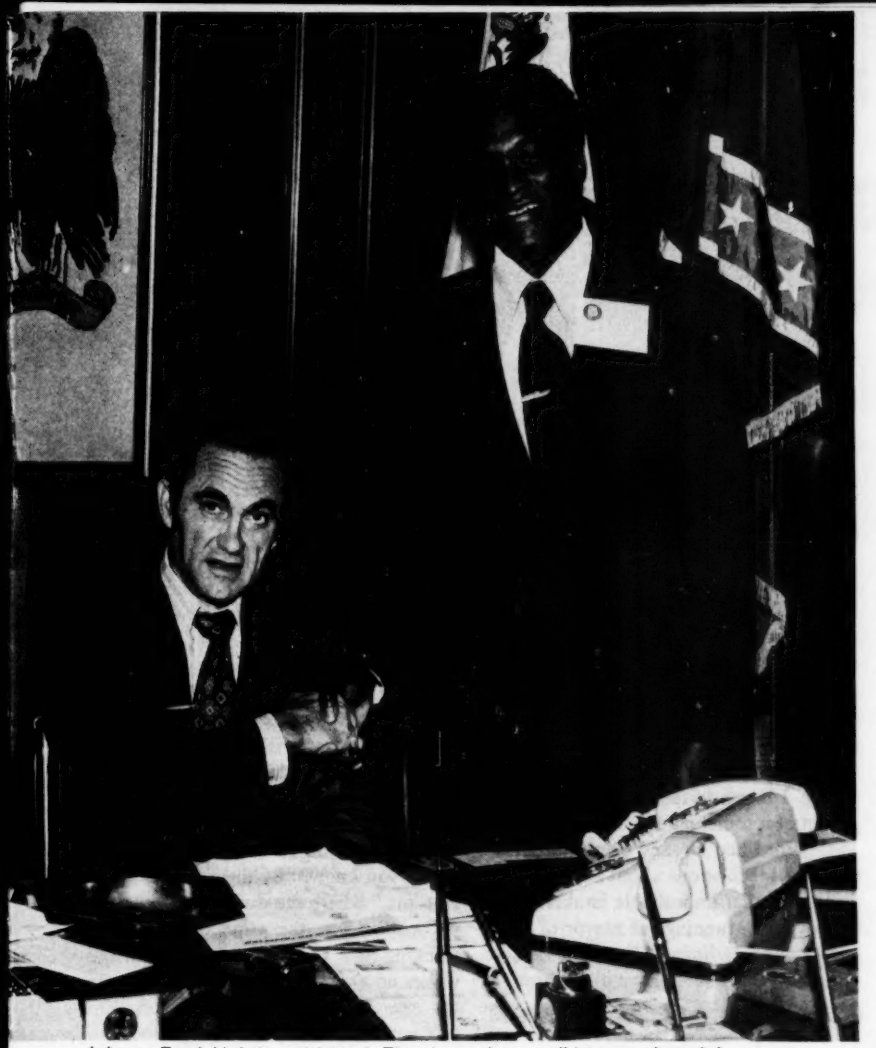
For all that, Tuskegee has also long been something of an anomaly among the South's profusion of small tribal communities. Reposing in its midst is the expansive campus of Tuskegee Institute, founded in 1881 by a former slave and his one-time slave master as a vocational school for blacks. Considerably amplified since, with some 3,350 students, the college has provided Tuskegee with a black establishment notably more sophisticated and assertive than in most other backbush Southern settlements. Unlike most academic enclaves, Tuskegee's campus has a tradition of vigorous involvement in the affairs of the town, and it was principally through exertions from there that black voter registration came to Tuskegee at a much earlier season than elsewhere in the South. In 1966, on a bleary, wet morning after the fatal shooting the night before of a Tuskegee student, there was the then uncanny spectacle of Tuskegee's white mayor standing on the front steps of city hall with his three white councilmen in a prickling rain, before the bobbing umbrellas of some 1,700 students massed below, gamely mumbling his way through "We Shall Overcome" along with everyone else. "I'd never sung that particular song before," he confessed later with a flat little grin in his dim and musty clothing store just off the square. "So all I could do was just try to read their lips. I did the best I could, though, and I know the other fellas behind me fell in, too, 'cause I could hear them—singing it real low." The mayor added then, "Trouble is, there's just a lot of folks here who, I gotta admit, still hadn't realized yet they were freed the same time the Negroes were."

Indeed, outnumbered by blacks about four to one, the mentality of most whites in Tuskegee during those days

For the whites of Tuskegee, a black mayor wed to a white woman would seem a realization of nightmares

roughly approximated that of the whites in Southern Rhodesia. As black voter registration gradually began to pull abreast of white registration (until a 1961 court suit, the city's somewhat byzantine and occult requirements had found even black professors with doctorates in political science unfit to vote), the reaction of local authorities was simply to arrange with the Alabama legislature for a redrawing of the town's boundaries—the result of which was a municipal map vaguely resembling a Picasso abstract of a chicken. It nevertheless somehow managed to place outside the city limits almost the total black population of Tuskegee. On a Sabbath morning in 1965, a small delegation of blacks who appeared for worship services at the white Methodist church made it only halfway up the steps before being bulled back down to the sidewalk by a squad of deacons in a quick, fierce, floundering skirmish, which, though it left some of the blacks bloodied, intruded only the faintest brief rumor of shouts and scuffling into the resolutely sturdy hymn-singing inside. One morning, after a court had ordered its desegregation the day before, the town's lone swimming pool was found drained, its bottom strewn with garbage, cow manure and puddles of sulfuric acid. Finally, in a state that had compiled one of the bulkiest records of lynchings to be found in the nation, a quiet accounting kept since 1882 by Tuskegee Institute showed that most of those lynchings, both in Alabama and in Tuskegee's own Macon County, were precipitated by purported ravishments of white women by blacks and instances of serious interracial romances.

Tas's father, the principal public accountant in Union Springs, was himself a robust member of the White Citizens Council, which constituted during that time a kind of white-collar, Rotary-version, cufflinked Klan. Tas was sitting with Johnny and talking about this one evening not long ago in the small and primly neat living room of their modest brick cracker-box home, her pale and sunless face chaste and blank of cosmetics under long, lank, sandy hair. She recounted how, as a little girl and her parents' only child, she had listened to all her father's racial discourses with fellow townsmen over mid-morning coffee in a Union Springs cafe, had accompanied him on drives to Montgomery for conferences with the state senator from Tuskegee who was executive director of the Alabama Citizens Council. "I worshiped my father," she says. "I would never question what he said on such matters." One of his close acquaintances then was a clamorous segreationist circuit judge, in neighboring Barbour County,



Johnny Ford (right) and friend. The times they really are a-changin'.

named George Corley Wallace, who was producing an inordinate amount of smoke and brimstone for so perfunctory an office, issuing injunctions against the removal of segregation signs in railroad terminals and threatening to order "the arrest of every member of the FBI or other federal police" who might turn their attention his way. "Of course, I strongly verbalized my own support for Wallace," says Tas. "There's no question about it. I grew up thoroughly seasoned in all the prejudices."

After her father's death, when she was 12, Tas and her mother moved to Miami. But Tas eventually returned to graduate from Union Springs' snugly segregated high school. When she entered the University of Alabama, as her father and grandfather had before her, it was during the high heats and surgings of the civil-rights campaigns in the South. But Tas existed with her sorority sisters at the university in a serene, nebulous, sunny lacuna of detachment. When the Selma-to-Montgomery march was proceeding like a huge conglomerate pageantry of the American conscience just a two-hour drive from the campus, it simply never occurred to Tas that she had any reason to be there. She was, then, hardly one of the young partisans of those heady days—as, indeed, there was a general peculiar absence of Southern youths among those great legions of tense, urgent, electric, sallow apostles who appeared over the land for a giddy season like a sudden visitation of shabby fugitive angels. Tas's only real nudge out of the luminous honeysuckle-perfumed anesthesias at Alabama came from a rather soft-focus and air-brushed movie fable, *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*. Even so, she recalls, "That really shook me up, that story"—but only, she adds, "in terms of the parents, not the couple itself. Discussing it with my sorority sisters, not even the most liberal and progressive of them could project themselves into that sort of situation except from the parents' point of view—you know, like, gosh, can you imagine, what would you do if it were your child?"

With a degree in political science and history, but unable to find any openings in Montgomery in the sort of genteel social work she had in mind, it wasn't until Tas wound up by happenstance as a welfare case worker among the destitute and alienated in Tuskegee that she came by her own true epiphany of conscience at last. "It suddenly became quite clear to me," she recalls, "because it was right there in front of my eyes, bodily and physically, day after day, what the civil-rights movement had actually been about all that time." She was commuting from Union Springs, where she was boarding with some old friends, and at a routine planning session between welfare agents and officials of Tuskegee's model cities program, she first met the program's 28-year-old director, Johnny Ford.

Ford had only recently arrived back home in Tuskegee after a long and circuitous pilgrimage of his own. He had grown up in an insularity as muffling, in a way, as Tas's—passage through the hermetic insulations of Tuskegee's segregated school system, then an academic scholarship at a small black college in Tennessee, where he played quarterback on the football team. But after graduation, "I headed straight for New York"—fleeing, like numberless other black youths in the South, what seemed to him then the brutal and haggard and unalleviated exhaustions of his region. In New York, after a few uncertain and ragged weeks, he managed to acquire an assignment as a street counselor in the grim caverns of Bedford Stuyvesant: "There were a few knives pulled and stuff like that, yeah. But I could handle 'em, and they realized after awhile, I think, that I was for real, that I actually cared." In fact, his success invited the notice of aides to Senator Robert Kennedy, and before long, Ford found himself an advance strategist for black communities in the windy and breathless political lyricism of Kennedy's brief barnstorming Presidential offensive. "I believed in that man," Ford now reflects, "and I can't stop mourning him. It still hurts. He was the best. Like nothing we'd ever seen before

or we've seen since. It's almost like he was too good and too fine to be allowed to last." Ford was in the throng impacted tumultuously in the hotel ballroom in Los Angeles when there came those few, idle, dull cracks from off in the kitchen. "What it sounded like, I remember, was just balloons popping somewhere off in a corner. . . ."

When he finally returned to his hotel room several hours later, "all of a sudden I got down on my knees by the bed, like I hadn't done since I was a little boy, and I started praying. And I was still praying, still wondering all through that long flight back across the continent, *Oh, Lord, what's going to happen to this country now? Who's left, Lord*? Back in New York, he desultorily occupied himself for awhile with work for the Humphrey-Muskie ticket, but, as he relates, "It was empty, man. There wasn't any meaning in anything up there anymore." And that Christmas, when word reached him that there was an opening in the model cities project in Tuskegee, he headed back home.

"In the beginning," says Tas, "if I had taken a step back and realized what our friendship might be leading to, I probably would have shied away in total shock. I don't think either one of us really recognized what was happening until we were already in love. But, of course, if you think about anything so heavily ahead of time, you probably won't ever do anything."

They began seeing each other, casually and unobtrusively, at the home of mutual friends in Montgomery. "The only uncomfortable part of that time," says Ford, "was not being able to be together in public, in the normal way." Still, both of them being people of rather subdued and scrupulously modulated dispositions, it was a courtship that proceeded as a sedate, circumspect, almost prosaic affair. Nevertheless, when after a time, in a kind of second sight, they began to sense the actual dimensions of their feeling for each other, they both recoiled. "I never had any doubt at that point about how I felt about Johnny," says Tas. "But it finally hit me what effect it would all have on the people I love, how many of them would be hurt." Indeed, by now, certain aghast mutterings about Tas's attachment were rustling through Union Springs. "I started getting terrific pressures from down there, from my family and friends. It started just tearing me apart—after all, these were my people. I began to feel almost a panic to get out of it somehow."

Ford had already begun to entertain rapt speculations about actually realizing now that improbable hankering of his boyhood—running for mayor of Tuskegee—and he admits, "I knew the fantastic hassle I'd probably have to go through with the black community over something like this." But beyond that, when he confronted the more personal implications of the prospect, he was left, if anything, even more unnerved than Tas. "I thought, *Wait a minute—what am I about to get into here, what am I thinking about? Oh, man—a mixed marriage in the South? In the Alabama Black Belt? I got to be crazy. Maybe somewhere else, but not here, not in Macon County, not yet. A thousand years maybe—but not now. I just don't need that kind of trouble.*"

> "You don't marry for ideological reasons, because it won't work. Johnny happened to be the man I loved"

At last, one chill autumn sundown, Ford bolted—pitched a few belongings in his car and, without a word to Tas, plunged on out of Tuskegee, heading back for the impersonal, heatless refuges of the North again, this time Chicago. "I called his office the next morning," Tas recounts, "and they told me he had quit, was already gone. It was hard for me to understand why he hadn't even said goodbye." But Ford explains, "It was pure simple flight. It had just gotten to be too much. I was running away from all of it, everything. That was the longest drive I've ever made, though, I can tell you that. I drove right on through the night, like I was afraid to stop until I got there or it'd catch up with me and I'd never make it, hitting those cold rains and sleets above Kentucky along about two or three in the morning with that song playing over and again on the radio, you know, "By the Time I Get to Phoenix," where the dude has cut out on his woman just the same way and he's thinking how she's gonna feel when she wakes up and he's gone, and all the way my eyes keep filling up with tears, I'm holding on tight to that steering wheel and that song's playing on the radio and the tears are rolling down my face."

After only a few days in Chicago, he took to the road again, winding up once more in New York. But after a fitful week there of bouncing about between motel rooms and the apartments of friends, Ford, for the second time in his life, made the long journey back down into the wide piney countrysides, the old, red earths and windless woodsmoke hazes and mild, dreaming air of that region which had uttered him and which, only two weeks earlier, he thought he had freed himself from forever. Back in Tuskegee, he phoned Tas and said simply, "I want us to be married."

The next day Ford notified a local black minister to meet him that afternoon in the office of a school principal to perform a wedding service. Ford arrived before Tas, and the minister, glancing over the marriage license, suddenly gaped, and looked up at Ford: "Oh, my Lord, they gave you the wrong thing here—it says here she's white."

"She is," Ford said.

The minister's eyes briefly glazed. When Tas appeared, he lurched through

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the ceremony, his hands still trembling, his voice wobbling.

"What brought me back was just that old deep-down yearning to want to be at home," Ford now recounts. "I just realized that this was where my destiny lay for better or worse, and there was no point in trying to escape it. It happened to be both Tas and the South, Tuskegee—both of them together, however hard that was gonna be to work out. So I said to hell with being mayor if it comes to that, to hell with the criticism and whatever physical danger there might be, the personal life is more important than all that, we're gonna do what we want to do as two human beings. This is our country, these are our folks, and we were just gonna have to make it work here."

Tas recollects, "Sure, we told each other we could go someplace like New York or Chicago and just forget about all the special difficulties we'd face down here. One reason we didn't, though, is that both of us like home so much." After a pause, she adds, "And there was the question of our children. Tuskegee has always meant so much to the black man, you see, and they would have a much surer and stronger sense of identity growing up here than in some place like New York or Los Angeles."

Tas's mother, when phoned the news, was stricken and appalled. Communication with her was scanty for the first few months, but Tas reports, "After talking to Johnny a little more, getting to know him as a human being and not just an abstraction, it was easy—she came to love him like her own son." Though it remained a gingerly conciliation which never proceeded beyond the detached medium of telephone calls, yet Tas declares, "Just before she died, she learned we were going to have a baby, and she seemed very happy, very excited. That's the way it is, I think—most people down here just haven't allowed themselves to think about this one issue except in terms of dogma, theories, general abstractions. When you're dealing with any situation through dogma, you have to have some truly compelling personal need to overcome that dogma—and for my mother, that need was her love for me. It finally moved her out of all the old structures of prejudice in which she had lived almost all her life. She discovered, almost at the last moment, those larger, deeper, more alive truths and feelings about people. It probably would have been much harder for my father, but because he loved me, too, I think in time it would have broadened and humanized his whole outlook, too."

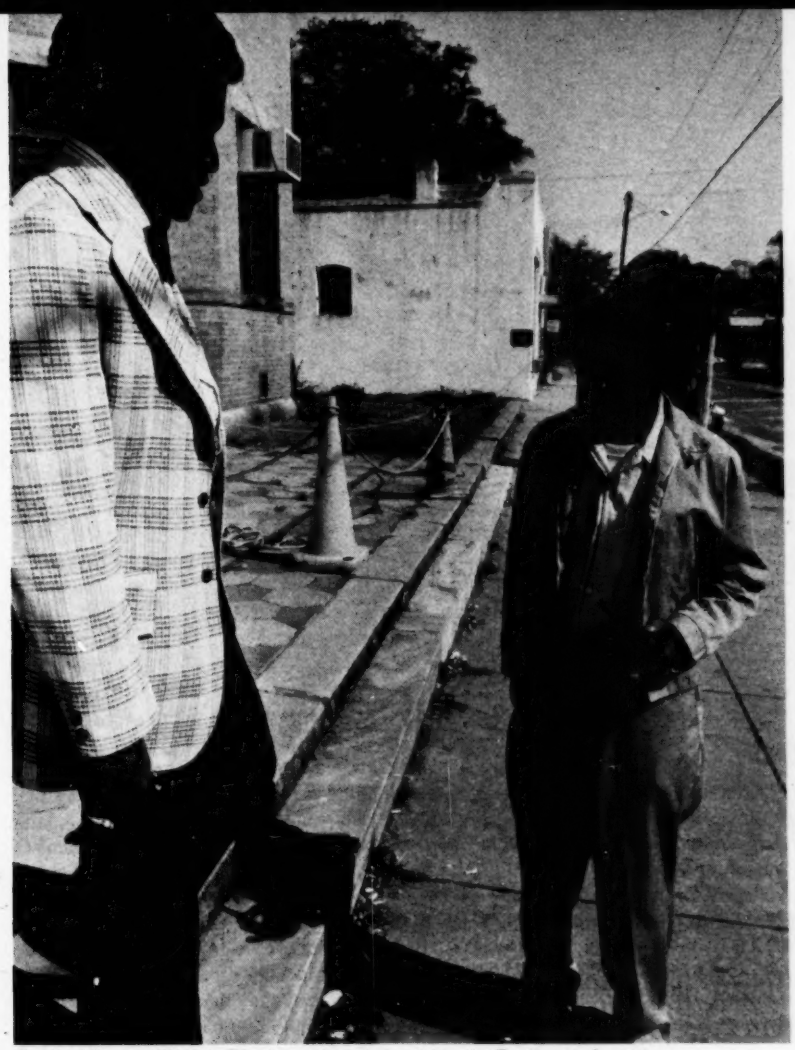
But acceptance by Ford's parents, as it turned out, was a more difficult, grudging, protracted process. "I was aware his father was scared to death when he heard about it," Tas acknowledges, and Ford allows, "They just couldn't quite bring themselves to believe it." Even yet,

"I just realized this was where my destiny lay. It was both Tas and the South—both of them together"

there lingers between Tas and Ford's family a certain elusive unspoken discomfort, a chill formal distance. Often, when they stop by the general store kept by the elder Fords, Tas remains in the car parked outside while Johnny takes John-John in through the clapping screen door to see his mother, a wiry, slight, gnomish woman with crackling black eyes who reposes in a cane bottom chair back among the dim shelves of sardine tins, cornmeal sacks, snuff cans, licorice sticks.

Though none of their more dire expectations have materialized, for all the quiet and almost mundane prefunctoriness of their marriage, both of them still seem to be dwelling together inside some invisible glass-bell of abiding isolation, an intact and self-contained apartness, always a faint second-distance removed from the general easy, daily play of life around them. One afternoon recently Ford was riding around town with his black councilmen in a Cadillac that belonged to one of them, the leading undertaker in Tuskegee: one councilman sitting up front by the window—a jaunty and raffish and cricket-like man with a dapper little flick of a mustache, his head barely bobbing above the seat—maintained a constant chirruping banter while waggling a panetella in the air, presently offering, ". . . and something else, how come you reckon all our black women still wanna act so proper and high-and-mighty and what-all? White women now, they all liberated these days—yessir, they gotten out of all those hang-ups, man, they all wanna *swing* now, know what I mean? Yeah! White women these days, they ready to *play*! But Godamighty, our black women still think they gotta keep those knees tight together just like their mommas taught them to be nice ladies . . . ." Ford twisted a little uncomfortably in the back seat and gazed out the window with a vague, dull grin, nervously fingering the knob of the door latch, while the councilman obliviously and ebulliently burbled on.

Sitting in his living room with Tas one recent evening, Ford professed, "Neither one of us has ever liked going out much. We'd usually just rather stay at home with each other." Every now and then, they are visited by former sorority friends of Tas's, who appear, along with their husbands, with a certain bright glint of sheer curiosity in their glad-eyed greetings—these polite evenings passed in a somewhat strenuously casual and blithe amiability. Among the comments in Union Springs that have been relayed to Tas was the chipper pronouncement of one white dowager, "Well, there's really nothing new about it. It's just Romeo and Juliet all over again, only in black and white instead



Ford with constituent. Blacks outnumber whites in Tuskegee four to one.

of Montague and Capulet." But she has been given to understand that most of the townfolk in her parents' generation have simply effaced her from their communal memory, abstaining now from any mention of her name.

Among the few occasions the Fords do venture out are their trips to watch Tuskegee's football team play. At a Saturday night game this fall in nearby Columbus, Ga., Tas—surrounded in the stands by black faces—sat very still and composed, watching the field with a grave and diligent concentration, seemingly impervious to the briefly turning and tilting heads up and down the rows around her, the swift, blank, bemused stares. With a yellow Tuskegee-rooter fedora tucked a bit hastily and askew on her head, she produced at appropriate points through the game, along with everyone else, an eager clamoring exuberance, but there was a slightly thin and hectic quality to her festiveness. When she left once to go to the concession stand, Ford, after only a few minutes, began glancing around for her uneasily, craning his neck to peer toward the booth.

Afterward, on the slow hour's drive back to Tuskegee, Tas took occasional meager and tidy sips from a mild drink in a plastic tumbler, and confided now in the comfortable, enclosed darkness of the car, "People watch you, stare at you, of course—but we hold our heads up high. You just get to the point where you don't notice. You can't afford to notice. We've got our life to live. Johnny said from the beginning, 'If somebody has a hang-up about us, that's their problem. If we start worrying about it, that's going to be our problem.' So that's become the way we are. Even if there continues to be this special pressure, you know, you just learn after awhile to condition yourself not to notice it. Now, when people come up to me and say, 'You mean, *you're* Mrs. Ford?' what I think to myself is that it's probably because Johnny's so well thought of."

Ford had begun campaigning at full-pitch for mayor only a few months after their marriage. "It was sort of a thunderbolt around here, I guess," he relates, "and there were some folks who wanted to make Tas an issue. I didn't run away from it, because I knew we'd get eaten up alive if we tried to keep it under cover." As he anticipated, the backfire was particularly brisk from students at Tuskegee: "They on that pride kick, you know," says Ford, "which is fine and refreshing—I can sure relate to that. But I told them, 'Here we are, living in a city where folks are still hungry and without jobs and living in shacks, children suffering from malnutrition, and all you worrying about is the light shade of my wife's skin—and you trying to tell me what mean, bad revolutionaries yawl are?' "

In the end, though, Ford had to run a statement in the local newspaper, in which he proclaimed with a rather novel directness to the community at large, "I wouldn't marry a black woman. I wouldn't marry a white woman. Instead, I would only marry the *Woman I Love* . . . . You might as well face it, people, that white folk ain't better than black folk, and black folk ain't better than white folk. We are all God's children—human beings. There ain't nothing wrong with racial pride, but racism is wrong whether it be by blacks or whites. . . . I am not married to a 'white woman.' I am married to Francis Baldwin Rainer Ford, who is intelligent, who is professional, who is sincere and who is a human being whose skin just happens to be white. To me, she is as lovable as any other lady on the face of this earth; and she is no worse or no better than any other person. What makes her special to me is that I love her, and she is the mother of our son, and she loves us. Francis and I realized how unpopular it would be for us to unite in holy matrimony, but as young people, as Americans in the 1970s, we realized that we are free to live our own lives."

Eventually, Tas herself set out on some door-to-door campaigning in the black community, and one black matron later effused to Ford, "You know what? That was the first lady *ever* come around

asking for the votes of us womenfolks." During his own rounds one morning, Ford paused before the long front walk leading across meticulously gardened grounds to the white columned porch of one of the more grandiloquent mansions on the outskirts of Tuskegee. "That was about the toughest little stroll I ever had to make," he recalls, "up there to knock on that door." It was opened by a finely preened, rigidly erect grand-duchess of a lady, and Ford, after hastily introducing himself and his candidacy, was turning to leave when, stunned, he suddenly realized she had invited him on inside. They passed a genial half-hour sitting in the front drawing room, discussing his campaign over a decorous, delicate tinkling of coffee cups.

Ford's opponent, the white incumbent, C.M. Keever, was the same mayor who, six years earlier, had faltered through "We Shall Overcome" on the front steps of city hall. Ford defeated him, but only by a mere 124 votes. Keever promptly closed down his business and moved to another town.

But Ford's first term in office has not unfolded altogether mellifluously. Last spring and summer three aging white women were slain in seemingly random and purposeless executions. When one of the two blacks arrested as suspects escaped from the local jail, Ford spectacularly affronted the black county sheriff, who had custody, by demanding that city policemen move in to guard the second suspect around the clock. (Ford also distributed a wanted poster in which he additionally noted, "We are asking for calm and cooperation from all citizens of Tuskegee, and please don't take the law into your own hands. . . . We shall continue to provide surveillance and protection of *all* our communities. . . . May God help us in this endeavor and soon bring peace and harmony to our community.") At the same time, with blacks now having largely inherited city hall and his courthouse, Ford soon wound up in the thick of a spirited intramural political melee between city and county parties for trivial powers and priorities and prestige. The black director of one of the county's myriad antipoverty programs filed bribery charges against Ford, after Ford allegedly agreed to fire him as the federal government had requested, but only in exchange for an increase in program funds. Ford denied the allegation and had the black director charged with trespassing, on the premise that he was illicitly occupying his office. With that, the circuit court clerk, a compatriot of the poverty program director, lustily advertised it about that Ford "ought to step down. I believe he's sick. I feel sorry for the dude."

> "Here we are, living in a city where folks are hungry and all you worry about is the light shade of my wife's skin"

All this unseemly disarray encouraged a noisy gloating from some unregenerate segregationists, with one Alabama newspaper citing as a precedent the solemnly burlesque free-for-alls in "Amos 'n' Andy." But as one veteran Southern journalist observed, "It's really a kind of left-handed compliment—it's like everybody's astonished to find that, after all the elevated and exalted saintliness of the movement, now that blacks have moved out some of the old white courthouse gangs and taken over, dawggone if they ain't acting exactly like the white folks always did. They're turning out to be just as ambitious, just as contentious, just as mortal as everybody else."

But there would also seem to be a promise of slight, gentle, but momentous differences in black proprietorships over small Southern towns like Tuskegee. There is now only one white councilman left in Tuskegee—the last surviving relic of that original intrepid company of the smoke-hung '60s which directed the town's dogged and unavailing legalistic trench-struggles against the advance of full citizenship for its blacks. A short, elderly, somewhat fragile and papery man with a soft, white patina of hair over his dry, weather-cured face, the white councilman was the last to appear at a recent council meeting, wandering in late with a slow, reluctant, sluggish, faintly laboring shuffle as if moving in a dream or against some undertow. Immediately on taking his seat, he proceeded to smoke cigarettes with the same slow, abstracted air of vague suffering, one eye squinting, totally abstaining from the commentary and discussion around, only grunting once to a query from a black colleague, "Naw. Yawl know more 'bout that than I do." Noticing a white visitor in the room, he quickly transmitted to him a furtive, playful, but rather wan wink.

The deliberations around him, as it happened, concerned the proposed construction of a civic complex with a new city hall and community cultural memorial center, one possible location being the town square, owned now by the local chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Such construction would entail moving the square's Confederate monument to the cemetery. Ford had explained earlier that morning to a deputation of developers from Atlanta, "We do feel we have an unusually deep Southern heritage represented here—both as a mecca of black history with Tuskegee Institute, and also an exceptional heritage in ante-bellum white history, with so many of those fine, old homes still standing. We are unusually rich in the culture of the South here, you see, so whatever we do with this center has got to be meaningful. We don't want it to be a Mickey-Mouse thing with hot-dog stands and a merry-go-round . . . ." Ford now advised his council that the ladies in the UDC had passed on to him the somehow poignant assurance that "they wouldn't stand in the way

Ford at construction site: a new civic complex for Tuskegee is in the works.

of anything if we felt it meant progress." The white councilman, slumped low in his seat, listened to all this vaguely, as if they were tiny, meaningless voices coming to him from another galaxy. But a hulking black councilman beside him heaved forward, clasping his massive hands together and clumping them on the table, as he boomed, "No, no. We don't wanna mess with their soldier stickin' up there. We wanna just leave that alone."

"How come we don't wanna?" piped the cricket-like councilman with the dapper little mustache, tapping his panetella over an ashtray. "Cemetery out there be a better place for him anyway."

"Naw, listen to me now. Let's just think about lettin' the fella stick on up there, and then if folks decide they wanna move him, we can go ahead. But we don't wanna get into that kind of business. You dealing with a special institutionalized thing belongin' to folks. You just got to realize how they feel about that thing . . . ."

Owing to approximately the same pragmatic computations that prompted him to support Nixon against McGovern in 1972, Ford during his year as mayor has managed to strike a particularly intimate and conspicuous communion with, improbably, George Wallace. In fact, many submit that the South's boggling transfiguration over the past 10 years, for which Tuskegee and the Fords would serve as a consummate metaphor, at the same time really tells of the private, obscure, but no less singular metamorphosis that has quietly taken place with Wallace.

"I don't know if he's really changed the way they're all saying he has," Ford offers, "but we've sure arrived at a good rapport. I just seem to get along with him. I think I understand him, and he understands me. Whatever, it's been a very lucrative relationship as far as Tuskegee is concerned. We've had about $9 million in industry steered in here so far. 'Course, associating with him like I have has cost me in terms of criticism, but it's been worth it. My hopes for building up this town are a hell of a lot more important to me than any amount of carping." When he was asked, back in the fall, if he and Tas had as yet received an invitation to actually visit the mansion, Ford paused and then murmured, "No . . . no, I don't believe we have." Then, with a slow smile, he added, "But you gotta understand, any journey of a thousand miles—or a thousand years—starts with just one step."

Nevertheless, among all those spectacles in the South now with that air of historical hallucination, none have been more ethereal than those lately involving Wallace—his affable appearance at a Fourth of July barbecue shivaree in north Alabama on a flag-festooned platform with an equally affable Senator Edward Kennedy, his mid-field crowning of a black homecoming queen at the University of Alabama 10 years after his doorway-stance atop the soft-drink crate there, his exuberant presence at a convocation of black mayors at Tuskegee recently, eagerly and hectically shaking their hands with convivial grins and cozy little winks. At that gathering Wallace chatted with Tas for awhile about their origins in neighboring Black Belt counties, their respective kinfolks—reminiscing especially about Tas's father. Ford then introduced Wallace to John-John. Wallace, leaning forward in his wheelchair, gave John-John a quick, tight little hug, and Ford said, "C'mon, John-John, give the governor some skin—" and Wallace and John-John exchanged light soul-slaps with their palms. Not long afterward a multitude of aristocrats from all over Alabama converged at the governor's mansion for the Christmas wedding of Wallace's daughter, and among the couples presenting an invitation card, and joining that assembly, were Tas and Johnny Ford. These are idle, casual, incidental moments, but in such nuances—brief, trivial, fleeting gestures in the air—are the rise and wane of whole social orders registered, the passing of ages and immense gear-shiftings of history affirmed. ●

"Don't call me a star"

After a dozen years in the theater, Sam Waterston, *The Great Gatsby*'s Nick Carraway, is becoming a "hot name"—without losing his head

By Paul Gardner

The Footlights Cafeteria, tucked away in the subterranean bowels of Lincoln Center, where limousines deposit Wagnerian dowagers and their peevish escorts on wintry, rainy nights. It is not exactly New York's answer to Berlin's old Romanisches Cafe. The West Side strays scattered around the leatherette banquettes are mostly anonymous students and neighborhood pensioners yawning through worn paperbacks while dawdling over tepid coffee and plates of yesterday's cold cuts. No one ever sees anyone at the Footlights Cafeteria.

Sitting quietly at one of the tables there the other day was a tall young man with lean features, some beard and a shock of dark brown hair. He was alone, because that's how he prefers to lunch before a four-hour rehearsal followed by a preview performance upstairs. He was thinking about footlights, *real* footlights. Unexpectedly, his reverie was broken. Someone, a stranger, was talking to him. And no one ever talks to anyone at another table in the Footlights Cafeteria.

"I thought you were very good," said a grey-haired intruder in his late 50s.

The young man looked up, startled. "In *what*?"

"Excuse me," answered the intruder, backing away. "I thought you were the actor—Sam Waterston."

There was an awkward pause. ". . . I am."

"Well," the man continued, buttoning his overcoat, "I thought you were very good."

"*In what*?" Sam Waterston asked again with a bemused smile, genuinely confused. He didn't know what role the fellow was talking about because, suddenly, Sam Waterston seems to be in everything. He recently costarred with Katherine Hepburn and Michael Moriarty on television in *The Glass Menagerie*. Soon he'll be seen with Tuesday Weld and Joan Hackett in a remake of the classic French film *Diabolique*. In late march he will hit the big movie screen in *The Great Gatsby* with Robert Redford, Mia Farrow and Bruce Dern. And that night he was appearing in *The Tempest* at Lincoln Center.

After a dozen years in the theater, Sam Waterston is finally becoming recognizable—even amid the faceless plasticity of the Footlights Cafeteria. "No, don't call me a star," he insists, frightened yet tantalized by the shimmering label. But his fearful reticence may change when *Gatsby* opens. Waterston plays Nick Carraway, the narrator-friend, who watches Jay Gatsby's gossamer dream become a thinly veiled nightmare. "Sam is in just about every scene," says Bruce Dern. "Listen, if he ain't good, we're all down the toilet."

The actor, who turned 33 a few months ago, occasionally hears himself described as "a sort of young Tony Perkins." He stands well over six feet, is slightly angular in build and has quizzical, sensitive eyes. Also, back in 1964 he played the stumbling, stuttering Jonathan Rosepettle who found *Oh, Dad, Poor Dad* a-hangin' in Mama's closet. Perkins made a successful career out of neurotic nervousness, shoulder blades that wouldn't

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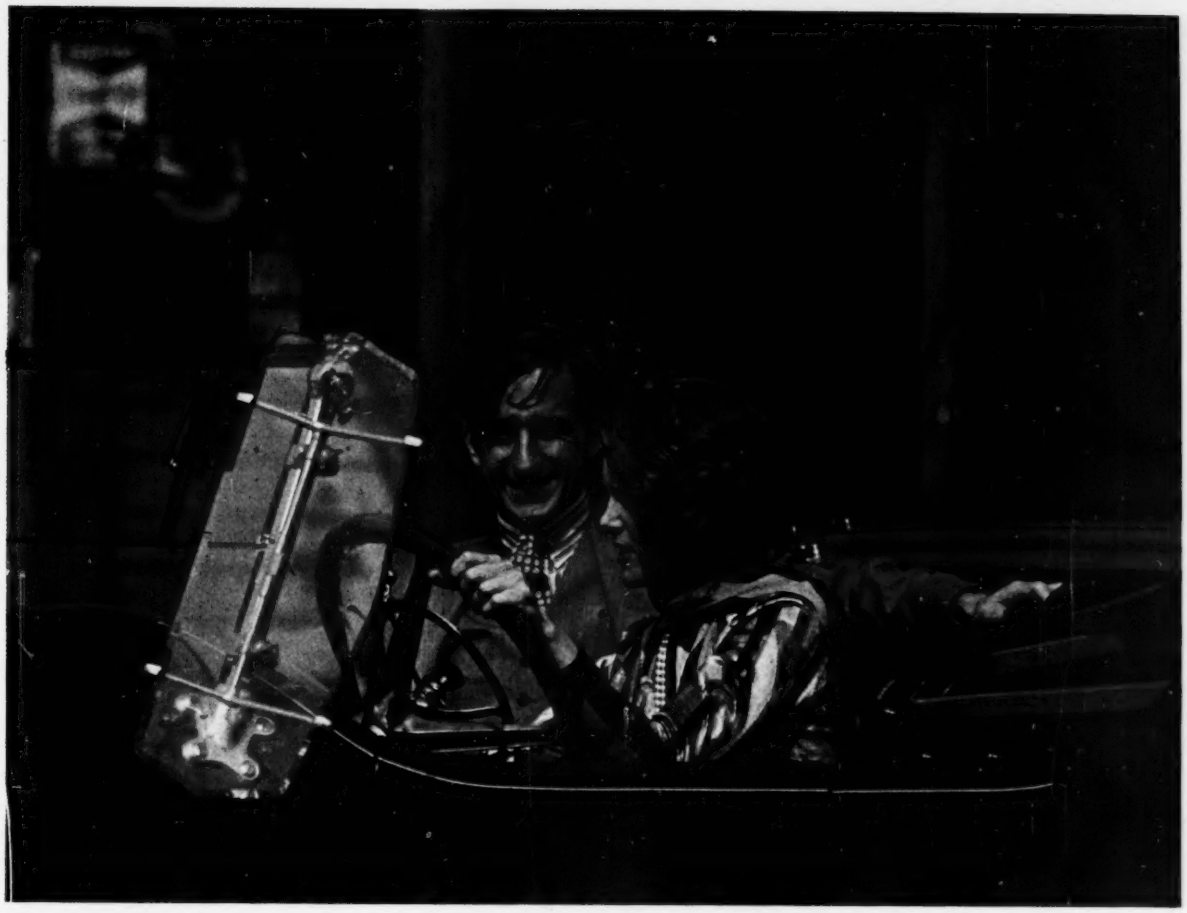
Photograph by Steve Schapiro



Waterston as Nick with Lois Chiles as Jordan Baker in Paramount's remake of The Great Gatsby, *due out in late March.*

straighten, too many hands and wayward feet. Despite Sam's height and all those bones, Waterston moves smoothly, confidently. And the sensitivity he projects seems to come from a world-weariness rather than being cooped up in the closet with poor old Dad. A.J. Antoon, who directed him in last year's ragtime version of *Much Ado About Nothing*, bluntly offers a final word on comparisons. "Y'know what Sam's friends say? He's Tony Perkins with balls."

When Sam Waterston, in spiffy white flannels, danced to an oompah band in *Much Ado* on Broadway and television, a lot of people thought he was some new discovery. But he had already completed a long apprenticeship with the New York Shakespeare Festival. "Take away all the plays I did for Joe Papp," says Sam, dismissing a long list of Off-Broadway flops, "and I wouldn't have much of a career." In *The Tempest* he plays the aging Prospero, commander of wind and sea, as a much younger magician. He grew a beard and adds a few brown swatches nightly to his thick hair; he did not see himself artificially stooped, grey and mascaraed. Scotchtaped to his dressing-room mirror is a memo to himself about Prospero: "FANATIC. RECLUSE. FAITHFUL HOPER. SEEKER LOVER."

Ironically, some of the words apply to Sam Waterston. Born and raised in New England, he is a steadfastly private, almost reclusive person who seems just a bit uneasy about the attention he's receiving. He hasn't had time to develop a public personality. Apparently, personal questions were never asked in North Andover, Mass. "My parents spend most of their time in Rhode Island now," he explains stiffly, "but must I say *where?* Won't it embarrass them?" He seldom mingled with the *Gatsby* company. Sporty Robert Redford, who plays Gatsby, established rapport with the crew by passing a football on the first day. Sam played chess, a game in which nobody talks, and slept between "takes" during the 80-plus shooting days.

He never guessed that *Gatsby, Menagerie, Diabolique* and *The Tempest* would all happen the same year. But he did know that Nick Carraway represented a turning point. Several other actors were considered for the part—and Sam knew that, too. When Theoni Aldredge, the Shakespeare Festival's elegant designer, arrived in London for costume conferences with Jack Clayton, the director, even she wasn't certain who would be wearing Nick Carraway's blazers and flannels and dinner jackets. She wanted Sam.

Jack Clayton kissed her and said almost immediately, "I have a gift for you." Theoni looked puzzled.

Then he added, "It's Sam."

Theoni first met Sam Waterston a dozen years ago. "I know him as well as his mother—I dressed him so many times. I remember he came to the fitting room for *As You Like It*, this tall, willowy lad with extraordinary style. Instinctively, he knew how to sit, stand and walk in Elizabethan costume. Most young actors don't." Theoni learned that he researched roles visually by cutting pictures out of books. "He has a great sense of period and history."

On *Gatsby* Waterston was under a terrific strain. Redford, Dern and Mia Farrow had many days off. They could roam around Newport, Rhode Island, and London, where Fitzgerald's story of the beautiful and damned was filmed. Sam was "on parade" almost every day, constantly surrounded by the machinery of David Merrick's $7-million Hollywood "biggie."

Movies are seldom shot in se-

quence, but Waterston had a mild shock when he discovered that his very first "shooting" scene came near the end of the script, before Gatsby's funeral. "I had just finished taping the Williams play. I thought we'd have about two weeks rehearsal—time to get my head together. I thought, 'If I don't say something, I'll be sorry.' " Momentarily, he panicked and telephoned Jack Clayton.

Clayton told him not to worry. "This is a movie. If it's no good, we do the scene again."

Bruce Dern, a veteran of 29 films who began his career on Broadway, feels the incident was a sobering, maturing experience for Waterston. "Like all New York actors, no matter how worried, he wouldn't bring his fear on the set. With that phone call, Sam grew up. He knew he had to stand on his own."

Educated at Groton and Yale, Waterston spent his junior year in Paris, sailing with a batch of classmates on the *Mauretania* just before she was yanked from service. Sam was elected president of the group. "As president, I had nothing to do. We just ran around the creaky ship, behaving like infants." His first night in Paris he strode manfully into a cafe and ordered a beer. Nothing happened. "I thought I was asking for something I shouldn't have!" He quickly learned that the French don't care what you do—or want—as long as you pronounce it properly. He studied Voltaire at the Sorbonne, got involved with an acting company at the American Cultural Center, went to Austria for Christmas, England for Guy Fawkes Day and fell in love. "She was an American girl from the University of New Hampshire. A lot of students are lonely in Paris. I wasn't." After Yale, summer stock, bit parts Off-Broadway and then bigger parts, he returned to Paris again for a low-budget film, *Three*, directed by James Salter. It was adapted from a short story by Irwin Shaw about some American college students traveling through southern Europe. Sam played a youth who fell in love with Charlotte Rampling. The post-war romance preceded the current wave of instant nostalgia pictures and was an instant flop.

Three years ago he appeared in James Ivory's film *Savages*, a semi-satirical attempt at exploring the rise and fall of civilization through a primitive jungle tribe called The Mud People. Sam and assorted savages were covered with mud, some leaves and feathers. "It was a nudie," purrs Kathleen Widdoes, his costar, laughing wickedly. "All I remember, and I often imagine things, is that Sam and I would sunbathe in our wonderful leaves, waiting for our scenes together, reading poetry and eating curry. Our producer was an Indian who couldn't afford regular box lunches, just all this curry. Our bodies reeked of curry . . . and mud . . . . Mmmmm. Actually, I think Sam and I are both more successful in period and classical roles. We're not the nudie types."

His classical training helped keep afloat (for a month) a dowdy Broadway revival of Noel Coward's stylized comedy *Hay Fever*, starring Shirley Booth in a role demanding the batty sophistication of Gertrude Lawrence. *Hay Fever* is one of those dizzy farces in which languid characters loll on cushions playing mah-jongg or trip out to the garden to prune the calceolarias.

Sam knew how to loll and prune and rattle off convoluted epigrams that stumped the other actors. He also knew how to keep a Cowardian cool during a minor on-stage crisis. In the last act John Williams, as the author of trashy sudsy novels, had to announce that his latest opus was just completed. Williams appeared on cue and announced to Shirley Booth and Sam (according to the script), "It's finished!"

> "I don't think I have a temper," Waterston says. "I don't want to fight, but maybe I'm getting there"

"What, dear?" asked Shirley Booth. Now, she had been having trouble remembering *her* lines what with all those damned calceolarias in the garden, but this time Williams went blank.

"I finished—"

"Yes . . . . What dear?" Miss Booth inquired again.

"I—uh—finished—"

"You finished," Waterston said blithely, *"The Sinful Woman."*

When the curtain clumped down, Williams, dismayed by his gaffe, thanked Sam for remembering the title. "If Shirley asked me one more time what I'd finished, I was going to say, 'My fucking book!' " Laughing, Sam wished he hadn't been so bloody helpful.

During *Hay Fever* Sam quit smoking. He was also in the process of separating from his wife, a photographer named Barbara Johns. They had been married about four years and had a son, Jamie, now five years old. Jamie usually lives in Rhode Island with his mother, but he stayed with Sam in London during *Gatsby*. Waterston's most frequent visitor at his upper West Side apartment—cluttered with plants, records, scripts, books and Christmas cards that he hasn't thrown away—is a cover girl whose face has appeared on such fashion magazines as *Mademoiselle*. "I'm not much of a goer-outer, really," he says. "I stay home, visit friends in the Berkshires or Jamie and my parents in Rhode Island."

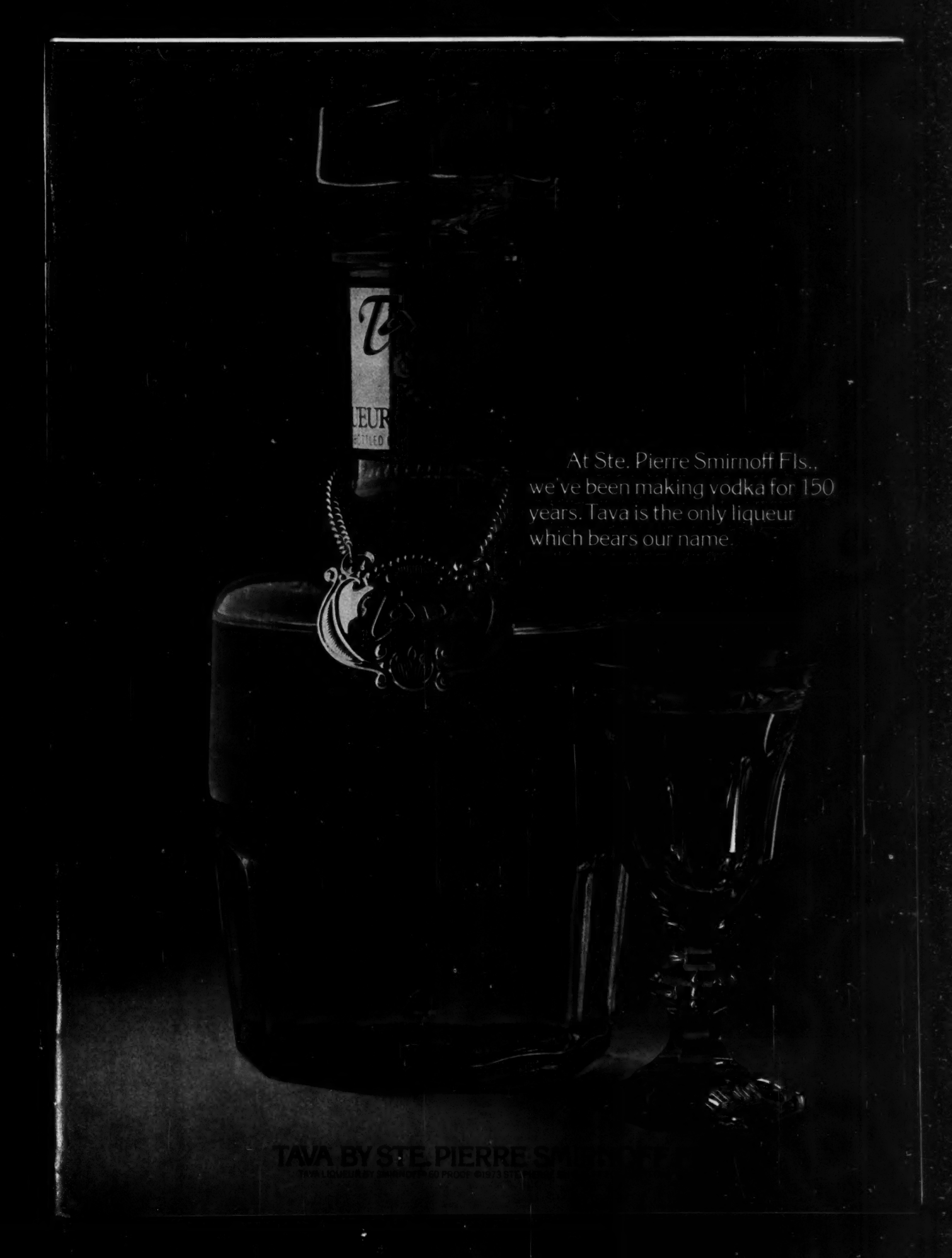
Strong-willed and determined, Sam has argued with directors and even stomped off stage during a rehearsal. He only argued once with Antoon, however. They were taping the TV version of *Much Ado*. Antoon was in the control booth watching playbacks when Sam appeared and began nit-picking about a scene. Antoon, the ebullient 29-year-old protégé of Joe Papp, snapped, "Okay, you're not watching any more playbacks. Out!"

"I don't think I have a temper," Waterston says. "I don't want to fight, but maybe I'm getting there." He was sitting backstage at Lincoln Center, sipping hot tea spiced with honey. "Temperament comes when you're trying to dig into a part. I don't think intelligence is helpful if it becomes too analytical—but intelligence, which means an awareness of life, keeps you from becoming a blithering idiot who can talk of nothing but theater." He took a swig of honeyed tea. "Aw, shit—what I mean is, your acting resources have to come from life, not fantasy."

With *Gatsby* opening and scripts piling up, Sam Waterston may soon be forced to make decisions that will push him toward films or keep him close to the theater. "I think that scares him," says Bruce Dern. "I tried to talk to him about what we'd all call 'great acting.' Let's face it, there's very little serious work in New York unless you happen to be a friend of Joe Papp's. To develop seriously, it's essential to work in films as much as possible."

Waterston's emergence this year from the lonely crowd of actors coincides with that of his *Glass Menagerie* colleague, Michael Moriarty. Both are suddenly "hot names" to movie, television and theater producers. "Sam and I kicked around a long time," Moriarty says. "If this had happened to us five years ago, we'd have gone into shock. I've had long periods of envy, resentment. So has Sam, but he never showed it. I think he's deeply religious. . . he has a mellowness that will sustain him no matter what happens."

One afternoon Sam was talking to Michael Moriarty about their careers and the mantle of stardom. "You know something, Michael," Sam said cautiously, "it's just like being knighted." ●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MOVIES

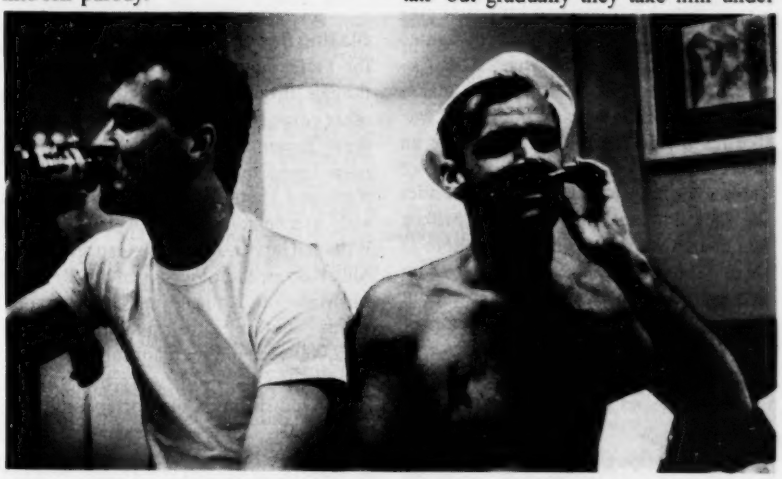
The details are all right —and almost completely cold

By Frank Rich

Jack Nicholson's performance in **The Last Detail** is one of your basic Big Deal acting jobs, flawless and authoritative, showy as all get-out–just the kind of star-trip for which Oscar nominations (if not the statuettes themselves) were born. In his role as tough (but vulnerable) Navy officer "Bad Ass" Buddusky, Nicholson serves up his Middle American special in all its ticky-tacky splendor: the giddy, slap-'em-on-the-back drunk scenes, the whiplash expletives, the blubbery boondock humor and, lest we conclude the character is just another jerk-off, the enigmatic bursts of centrifugal anger that denote inarticulate Alienation. Nicholson has every flamboyant tick of his part down pat– he never relaxes for a second–and yet I must confess that his energetic efforts left me almost completely cold. This may be the most tedious bravura performance in recent years.

The explanation for so backhanded a compliment is not as tricky as one might presume. Tedium is an inevitable by-product of repetition, and repetition is, sadly enough, what Nicholson's Buddusky is all about. There is almost nothing that the actor does in *The Last Detail* that he hasn't done before–most notably in *Easy Rider* and *Five Easy Pieces*, the two movies that placed his name on Hollywood's celestial charts in the late 1960s. Though Nicholson's characterization of his special breed of antihero is, if anything, even more assured now than it was in the past, that doesn't make this visit to the site of his former conquests any less diminished in its returns. By drawing on memory rather than his psyche in this film, Nicholson denies himself one of an actor's most rewarding prerogatives–the deeper and deeper exploration of one's self. In so doing, he robs the audience of the surprises that transform a performance of sure technical prowess into a creation with the size and vibrancy of life.

Nicholson's rut is easily as sticky as the one Robert Redford landed in awhile back, when, having gotten a lot of mileage out of his breakaway role as a quiet loner in *Downhill Racer*, he then proceeded to bore us with uncalled for command performances of the same part in *The Candidate* and *Jeremiah Johnson*. Redford finally snapped out of his self-destructive infatuation with self-seriousness last year. In *The Way We Were* and *The Sting* he demonstrated that he hadn't, after all, forgotten how to smile. Surely Nicholson, who is a better actor than Redford and who indicated in *Carnal Knowledge* that he is capable of deviating from type, can swing back, too. I only hope he does so soon, for to continue in a straight line from *The Last Detail* is almost surely to descend into self-parody.



Quaid and Nicholson in The Last Detail: *the ugly and the "Bad Ass."*

Whatever one thinks of Nicholson in his new movie, though, it would be hard to imagine the project existing without him–an observation that, taken to its logical conclusion, might suggest that *The Last Detail* best not have been made at all. Robert Towne's downbeat screenplay, adapted from a novel by Darryl Ponicsan (who also wrote both the screenplay and original novel for this season's far more sentimental and far worse *Cinderella Liberty*), belongs entirely to the worldview that Nicholson embodied in Bob Rafelson's *Five Easy Pieces*–a special '60s finde-decade weariness that has dated quickly and badly. Like that film about a drop-out pianist, *The Last Detail* tells us that the system stinks but suspends judgment as to why that is or what might be done about it. Really, is this just what the doctor ordered for 1974?

The system this time around is not anything as big as all America; it's just that old standby, military justice, under whose baroque regulations a 18-year-old sailor, so green he makes some 12-year-olds I know seem worldly, receives an eight-year sentence for a $40 theft. Buddusky and a pointedly black cohort, Mulhall (Otis Young, a pointlessly blank actor), are the two officers who must transport the convicted kid, Meadows (Randy Quaid), from the base at Norfolk to the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, brig. At first, these two escorts are indifferent to the dismal plight of their forlorn prisoner–a detail is a detail–but gradually they take him under their wing. Meadows proves so naive and unschooled in manhood that Buddusky and Mulhall soon see it as a duty to devote the five days of their mission to giving the boy nothing less than a crash course in life.

As the men make their way up the Eastern Seaboard, Meadows gets his initiation into booze and sex and learns a little about his natural right to stand up and fight for what he believes in. The escapades by which he gains this education are essentially the antics of an *Anchors Aweigh* or *On the Town* updated (via rougher language and casual dope smoking) and recast in a somber light (soul-searching exchanges intermingle with the locker-room laughs). Like Nicholson's performance, there is little one might call fresh about the film's major narrative anecdotes–such as a drunken bull session with six-packs in a sleazy Washington ho-

tel room, a Navy/Marine brawl in a cavernous train-station john, and a sojourn to Boston's Washington Street fleshpots, where Meadows loses his virginity, along with his heart, to an oh-so-pathetic and hollow-eyed young whore (Carol Kane, in the only female role of consequence in this yet another all-male American film).

Although other episodes in *The Last Detail* are more ambitious and artsy in scope than these conventional service hijinks, they also seem second-hand. When the sailors stumble into a Greenwich Village party, some liberal intellectual longhairs callously put them down—just as the hero's musically inclined household snubbed the proletarian Karen Black in *Five Easy Pieces*. When the men have an accidental run-in with a Zen ashram during the same Village visit, Meadows picks up a cryptic chant that he can, and does, repeat for dramatic effect in moments of emotional crisis later on—à la the title character of J.D. Salinger's '50s novella, *Franny*.

With his frightened little runt eyes and ugly, beefy face, Quaid (a cameo performer from Bogdanovich's *Last Picture Show* and *What's Up, Doc?*) makes Meadows so sublingually goofy that we, like his mentors, can't help but take an interest in what happens to him. But we know so little about the character—besides the fact that he comes from a broken home—that we feel for Meadows more as we might for a stray mutt about to be sent to the pound than as a human being about to be locked in a cell for the best years of his life.

As a result, our attention switches to Buddusky and Mulhall. Now that they have come out of their protective shells and learned the rewards of compassion, will they disobey their orders or, at the very least, revolt against the dehumanizing institution to which they have pledged their careers? Regrettably, Towne's resolution of this issue nosedives into a useless pessimism, one that negates nearly all that has gone before; *The Last Detail*'s denouement has more to do with trends in the marketplace than with the integrity of the material. When the soundtrack uses "Anchors Aweigh" as counterpoint to the film's final bleak shot, the heavy-handed irony is every bit as grating as the souped-up happy endings that Hollywood used to slap onto the tail end of its products.

It's all a shame, not only for the audience and Nicholson, but also for director Hal Ashby (*The Landlord, Harold and Maude*), who is coming on nicely as a stylist, despite his fixation on the dissolve as a means to indicate melancholy lyricism. Unlike so many American filmmakers, Ashby has an affection for real-life locations; the settings and people of his movie look authentic, even when the sentiment is contrived. But where do these skills take us in *The Last Detail*? Not very far at all: like his star, the director is idling in place. Next time around, both of these talented men had better move forward—for if they continue to spin their wheels with movies like this one, there is every possiblity that they will stall themselves out.

Blazing Saddles. Mel Brooks all the way, for better and—at times—for worse. Although Brooks has brought along four other comedy writers (Richard Pryor, Andrew Bergman, Norman Steinberg and Alan Uger) to pitch in with the screenplay—and though he has filled the cast with a diverse batch of weirdos (Gene Wilder, Harvey Korman, George Furth, Alex Karras, Slim Pickens, Dom DeLuise and Madeline Kahn)–somehow everyone in this "western" ends up talking just like the 2,000-year-old man himself. Let's face it, only Brooks could figure out ways to work Yiddishisms, Cole Porter songs and Grauman's Chinese Theater into the America of 1876. But the movie has the drawbacks of a stand-up monologue as a result: there are no characters, plot or rhythm to sustain the audience through such dry stretches as a slapstick pie fight or a curiously ponderous scene featuring Brooks as a girl-crazy territorial governor. One can forgive and forget a great deal, including Cleavon Little's spectacularly unfunny portrayal of a black sheriff, because what does work, works brilliantly. Kahn's penultimately dykey send-off of Marlene Dietrich is falling-down-on-the-floor funny, as are Korman's shenanigans as a bad guy with the unlikely name of Hedley Lamarr. Brooks is, after all, a genius, with all the excesses the word implies. One must catch as catch can.

Man on a Swing. My idea of hell would be to spend an evening with the collected films of Frank Perry. You'd start with *David and Lisa* (a legend in its own time, a travesty in ours), then go to his hideous mutilations of substantial literary properties (John Cheever's *The Swimmer* and Joan Didion's *Play It As It Lays*), then to an ersatz Upper East Side (*Diary of a Mad Housewife*), then to that climactic slab of Fire Island savagery, *Last Summer*—just possibly the most mindlessly repulsive film of the last decade. Perry's new picture is a Dragnet-style thriller (only the names have been changed . . .) that makes one understand why real life is not necessarily stranger than fiction. It's another one of those whodunits where, since you don't know any of the whos, you could hardly care which one of them ultimately goes to the cooler. But, lo and behold, it's not just the who that matters but a whole lot of loose threads that Perry leaves hanging at the end, too. That, you see, is what makes this director's films so controversial. That, and the fact that Perry has bucked commercial trends and worked the occult into his plot. As a clairvoyant with some clues, Joel Grey gets to do some eye-rolling and gyrating, which, without millions of dollars of special effects, is strictly bargain-basement Linda Blair; the actor's strange resemblance to Daniel Ellsberg casts a further pall over his characterization. Cliff Robertson is okay as the detective who wants his wife to have a baby, and Elizabeth Wilson is funny as always as an over-empathetic shrink; she gets a laugh just by the way she holds a pencil. And yet, is the humor intentional? With Perry, you just never know. He is to ambiguity what Richard Nixon is to integrity—empty, empty, empty.

MUSIC

A few unkind words about album cover atrocities; or Dylan can't crayon

By Janet Maslin

On the Saturday after the Bob Dylan tour touched down in Boston, I stood lounging inside the doorway of a Harvard Square record store as hippie after hippie ambled by, many of them in search of Bob's brand new album, *Planet Waves*. Nobody could find it without help, though. And as I kept watching, the lone beleaguered clerk who had been fielding customers over to the new release rack (the obvious place to find

a new release) heaved a piteous sigh. "That," he moaned, "is a true dog."

I never did find out what this clerk thought of the album itself, because for the time being all he wanted to complain about was its cover. The front is a crude black and white crayon sketch by Bob himself, with the title block-printed in a style generally associated with ransom notes. The album was right in the middle of the new release rack, which is up at the very front of the store, so theoretically it would have been hard to miss. Yet at that time the cover was so downright uninteresting it didn't catch a single eye.

Now it could be argued that Bob Dylan doesn't need to catch eyes; he sells records no matter what. That's one school of thought on the matter; the other, subscribed to by virtually all record companies, is that an album cover should attract as much attention as is legally possible. Dylan's new label, Elektra-Asylum, allows many of its artists to be notoriously self-indulgent about cover art, but even the company execs know a marketing problem when they see one. So whatever the aesthetics of the *Planet Waves* cover once were, they have since been interfered with by a bold new sticker on the plastic outer wrapping—"BOB DYLAN," it says, and it's right on top where you can't possibly miss it. Current albums by The Band, Paul McCartney, Joni Mitchell and the Who also feature prominent stickers that merely emphasize the artists' names, because *nobody* is too big to worry about clarity.

And nobody's so big that cover art doesn't affect sales. Stevie Wonder's *Innervisions* did very well, but it might have done even better if his name and the album title weren't positioned in the lower third of the cover, a sort of Devil's Rectangle region that mysteriously disappears in almost all record racks and bins. I found this out by making a lengthy field trip to another record store in Harvard Square a few weeks later, inspired by Dylan to seek out bad album covers in general, and the Worst Album Cover Ever Made in particular. This store's manager, Jeep, is a true album-cover fanatic.

If you divide up albums by the types of music they represent, the way most record stores do, the gamiest covers turn out to be in the classical department; the quality of the product has the widest range here, and the audience is the most schizoid. Blue chip classical labels like Deutsche Grammophon can stick with simple, tasteful covers and draw a simple, tasteful buyer, but the budget classical labels will often try to spread their appeal (thin) between hard-core buffs and tightwad dilettantes. So the Westminster Gold label puts out a whole series of stark Madison Avenue covers that probably don't appeal to *anybody*: two feet sticking out from under a sheet (Mozart's *Requiem*), hands crumbling a cookie (Wagner's *Gotterdammerung*).

And London's budget classical label goes them one further: under a suitably unintelligible logo ("Orphic Egg"), London puts out the only known set of psychedelic covers for the classics, complete with hip titles (*Rachmaninoff's Head, Prokofiev's Head*) and rock critics to do the liner notes. On *Beethoven's Head*, for instance, Orphic Egg has Lester Bangs observing that "Beethoven soars. Beethoven tears. Beethoven howls. Beethoven slips out onto the highway and disappears like a rake on the run from the hellhounds on his trail." Orphic Egg's sales are, according to Jeep, understandably spotty.

R and B liner notes used to be pretty good, too, in the old days, before R and B went chic; the great old covers, like the one for Otis Redding's *Dictionary of Soul* ("Complete & Unbelievable"; Otis in a red mortarboard leaning against a giant chartreuse book), were crass as could be, and proud of it. Otis' *King & Queen* album, with Carla Thomas, featured a classic set of liner notes ("Tennessee is indeed proud of its musical heritage. And justly so. . . . Tennessee Ernie Ford continues to be one of our nation's favorite folk singers") on genuine U.S. Senate stationery, from a very short-haired Honorable Howard H. Baker Jr. But a lot of soul artists—the O'Jays, Diana Ross, Gladys Knight and the Pips, Aretha Franklin—go in for stylish but noncommittal covers these days; very middle of the road, very dignified. There are only a few real throwbacks—although the new Love Unlimited Orchestra cover (Barry White flanked by adoring women, with titles in three conflicting shades of pink) could hardly be accused of any new wave sophistication.

However, and here's a shocker, Donny Osmond *can*. Donny's covers turn out to be by far the sleekest of all the junior league favorites; for every lush, expensive-looking photo of Donny, there's a slapdash simulated "bulletin board" where a nice picture of the Partridge Family should be. And Bobby Sherman—like Elvis a generation before him—appears in makeup so thick and orange you can't help but notice. The absolute essential for all modern screamybop record packages is not so much the cover, though, as it is the stuff inside—fan club love pix, or whatever. There *has* to be a poster. One of Donny's photos even props up on its own little cardboard easel, just about night-table size.

All the packaging gimmicks become quite déclassé as you move over into hard core folk and jazz albums. In both fields there are a number of small but prestigious "series" labels—Folk-Legacy, CTI—that rely on spartan, repeating cover styles to establish the label's identity. Besides, folk fans tend to be suspicious of anything elaborate, and only a few jazz artists (Miles Davis is one of them) can successfully defy the usual jazz cover formula. As for Country covers, they can be inadvertently funny, but as a group they're the most stereotyped of all.

If that sounds dull, it's nothing compared to rock and roll; for all their flash, rock covers are the least interesting genre around. However, they also seem to have the greatest effect on sales, because there's no other field where phenomena like Captain Beyond or Silverhead would

be possible. Captain Beyond was a new group nobody had ever heard of, but their first album sold an astonishing 100,000 copies, thanks entirely to a plastic gadget that gave the cover a trippy 3-D look. Silverhead is an English glitter band whose first album had the usual English glitter cover and didn't do much. Their second album, called *16 and Savaged*, features a shot of a lush young thing who looks like she's just been gang-raped; it seems certain to boost their sales potential.

Rock-photograph covers are usually the dullest of the lot, holding true to

only one basic maxim—never photograph anyone who won't look right, but a good picture is worth untold extra copies. There were never any closeups of Carole King (nor will there be of Bette Midler, if she's smart), but it's sheer idiocy to cover a new Rick Nelson album (*Windfall*) with a picture of a leaf. There are two new Linda Ronstadt albums out now—one cover a lovely head shot, the other a bedraggled drawing that makes her look like Melanie. Quality is a factor, too, of course, but the Melanie likeness is guaranteed to come in second.

The most innovative rock graphics are usually the imports. The British ones are the most striking, the German ones (dead babies, snakes, skulls, etc.) the most bizarre. Elton John, the Andrews Sisters, McKendree Spring and especially Wishbone Ash all have elegant MCA pastel graphics out now, in styles ranging from sci-fi to '70s deco. They do all tend to look -like, but then you can't have everything—a good album cover can either set a style, push the product or accurately, interestingly represent it. Only the very few do it all.

Finding the truly great album covers would have been a whole different project, but my hours Chez Jeep paid off and I *did* find the all-time worst one. It belongs to Jose Feliciano's *Of Muse And Man*, and it's a hideous painting that (although mercifully uncredited) is rumored to be the work of Jose's wife. The record itself is three years old and has yet to make any noticeable impact on anybody—but someday, when they do that great big roll call of album cover atrocities up yonder, this is the one that'll make even *Planet Waves* look classy by comparison.

BOOKS

An American economist hoists the storm warnings: the GNP cannot rise forever

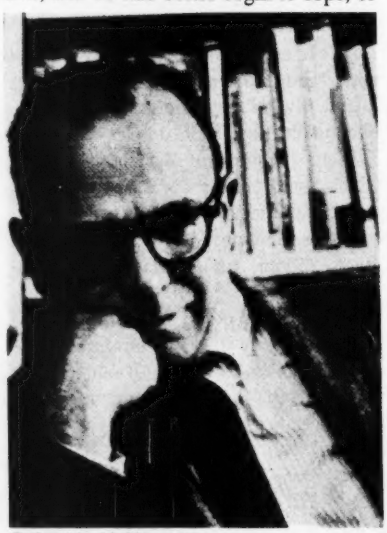
By Richard Kluger

An Inquiry into the Human Prospect *by Robert L. Heilbroner*, Norton, 144 pp., $5.95.

That terrible sound you're going to be hearing for the next 50 years is the souped-up American industrial engine grinding its gears in neutral while the honchos at the wheel are still tooling along in third. Which is an apt if not very ambitious metaphor for saying that of all the profound readjustments we have to make in the decades ahead, none will be more jarring than the notion that our economic boom—higher sales, higher profits, the compulsive drive for an ever-larger share of the market in whatever field we're plowing, year after year after year—is not limitless.

Heresy, of course. A static economy is un-American, a contradiction in terms, we've decided. Our entire psyche as a people has grooved from the beginning on the notion of unlimited growth. Hell, there was a whole bloomin' continent to explore and harvest and mine and bridge and people and pave over and light up and sell burgers to and fizz pills for bad stomachs from all that good livin'. And when that was well in hand, we had all them there foreign markets to dip our Fritos into. Ever upward the GNP has traveled since World War II bailed us bloodily out of the Depression and Korea kept us booming and Vietnam inflated us like a Texas blimp. All on top of a rampant hucksterism that made any family without two finny dreadnaughts in the garage a candidate for *The Grapes of Wrath* cast. Any company that didn't post record earnings every year was viewed on Wall Street as mismanaged, and the natural expectation came to be that our growth vector would move linearly heavenward, and may God our gold refine. Little did we dream that the Swiss had a bid into Him, too.

So it is all a new ball of parafin now, and we had better begin to cope, or



Robert L. Heilbroner.

as economist Robert Heilbroner quietly but urgently states in his book, the future prospect of mankind is overcast to the point of invisibility. Most of us have it too good, he notes, to fret about what may hit our children's children. Tomorrow, we've always told ourselves while reaching for another six-pack, will take care of itself. No way, says Heilbroner, who is hardly a doomsdayer but has always been a prophetic realist. Whether or not we know it or like it, he writes in *An Inquiry into the Human Prospect*, we're saddled with sores that won't go away by morning—or any morning—unless we swallow a stiff dose of consumer restraint.

First, there is the population overload. Sixty percent of the world is malnourished and resultingly retarded, and 20 percent is slowly starving. Right now. Lower mortality rates, not higher birth rates, are the reason, and unless our baby-making slows, the ghost of Malthus will reap a nonstop bumper crop before long. Underdeveloped nations with unstable governments and a populace frenzied by their deprivations, Heilbroner goes on, become a peril to their more bountiful neighbors who are either going to have to share the wealth or in time find an atomic gun pointed at their temple and hear the growled threat: give it to us or we'll blow you up; we have nothing to lose but our misery. The Arabs have been working this blackmail in reverse lately with their oil, but the day will come when at least rudimentary nuclear weapons are universal and some desperate state says to the reigning Feisal: better belly up, boys, or the sheik's gonna hit the fan.

Besides too many people, too many bristling arsenals, too many nationalist interests in collision and too many predatory instincts eating away inside us, there is the little matter of cooking our planet to death at a low broil. The ecosphere, that thin band of life-feeding gases that girdles the earth, cannot keep absorbing all the heat that our energy-gulping is sending up. At current rates, we'd start bubbling around the gills in a couple of centuries or so in a

process not readily reversible.

The cheerfully ruthless dynamism that has been the trademark of the passkey to our astonishing material wealth has left us mentally unequipped to admit that this force and its accompanying "sense of *élan* and purpose," as Heilbroner puts it, "now seem to be losing their self-evident justification." Consider the President's State of the Union address: there will be no recession and no gas rationing and more of us will have jobs and more money to spend—all hotly breathed in defiance of what we all know and as if a downturn were a mortal sin. All that this kind of going-down-with-the-ship bombast does is make the job ahead seem more despicable, more humbling and tougher than it need be.

A brainy pundit best known for his lucid early books *The Worldly Philosophers* and *The Future as History*, Heilbroner here lays the bombshells on us and then kind of tiptoes vaguely away from the shattering judgments he passes. Neither capitalism nor socialism contains our salvation, he stresses, ever the anti-ideologue. The former seems not yet to have avoided a way to divide its society between haves and have-nots in perpetual class war, while the latter chokes on bureaucracy and leans heavily on liberty-quenching mind control. Both systems, he notes, live by the clock, are fastened to the office and the factory and are obsessed with material achievement—in short, have in common far more than each realizes.

If life ahead is going to be worth living, Heilbroner concludes, the iron hand of government is going to rest more heavily upon all of us, barring the onset of "pan-humanism" or some other utopian transformation in our nature. We are all going to have "to redefine the legitimate boundaries of power and the permissible sanctuaries of freedom"—which may prove so depressing a prospect for self-indulgent Americans who have never craved humble pie that we may go out and have a banana-split of a last fling, thereby hastening the end. A scary, startling little book from Robert Heilbroner, who relishes little of what he foresees but thinks the only way for us to mitigate it is to start holding hands in the lifeboat.

TV

Cutting a commercial: David Steinberg meets Candy

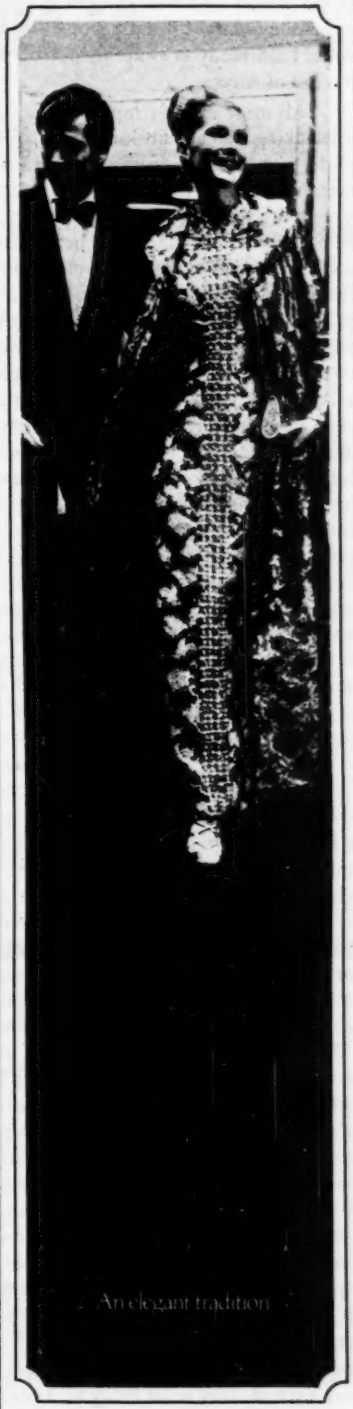
By Janine Coyle

"Someday I'd like to be given that much valium," quips comedian David Steinberg after meeting his costar "Candy," a lumpy, brown-and-white basset hound who is sprawled across a black leather couch. It is early morning and Steinberg has just arrived at a small eastside studio in Manhattan to film a commercial promoting his latest album, *Booga! Booga!* "She's perfect," Steinberg announces. "Everything's perfect—the couch, the potted palm . . . and that diploma, I love it!" He trips over cables to inspect a framed parchment certifying him "Psychiatrist"—the zany character that's fast becoming Steinberg's trademark. "There's a psychiatrist in my family—my cousin Morris," Steinberg tells me and the crew. "Morris always did everything right. He was the clear favorite. Then one night I appeared on *The Johnny Carson Show* and the family suddenly loved *me*." Steinberg pauses. "Morris still can't figure out what happened."

But it didn't happen all that suddenly, of course. Steinberg put in years of apprenticeship, first with the Second City Group in Chicago, then as a standup comic anywhere he could find space to stand—New York, Denver, Los Angeles. Now, at 33, six years after his first Carson guest shot, he is a nightclub headliner, frequent television guest host and rumored to be in line for his own television show. *Booga! Booga!* his second album, is already climbing the charts. CBS is backing the record with heavy magazine promotion, and in less than a month the commercial he's about to film will be on coast-to-coast television.

The director gives Steinberg last minute instructions while Candy snores on. Cameras, light and microphones crowd the set—a psychiatrist's office—and wait for the sketch to begin. "This is Candy's first live job," says her nervous owner, Mrs. Sheehy. "She's only posed for stills. This is going to be hard on her." I agree. Nothing short of a nuclear blast will force Candy to look "live." Three bells sound a warning and Steinberg starts. "You must trust me. I am the doctor. M. D.—me doctor." Knocking imaginary bugs from his oversized cutaway, he pi-

The Pierre



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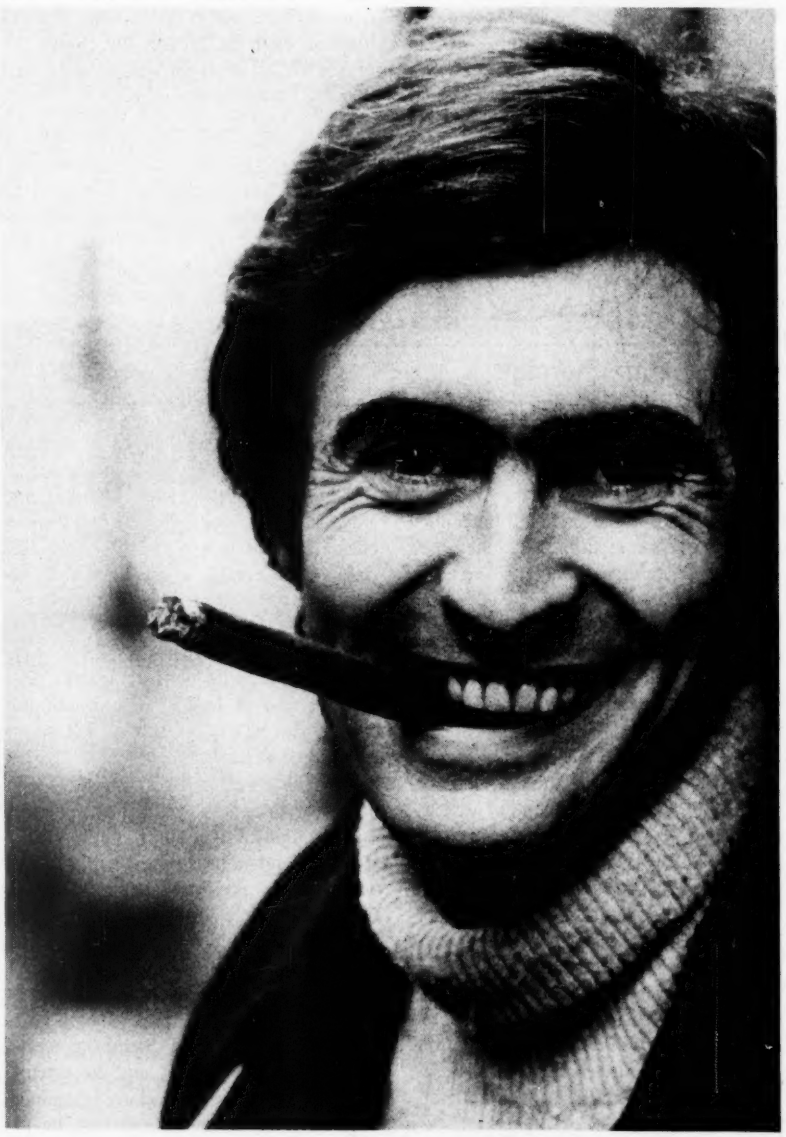
rouettes and drops nose to nose with Candy. "Relax," he orders. "I'm here to help you. Booga! Booga!" The hound's head slumps below camera range, and Steinberg returns to the chair for another take. Like a fretful stage mother, Mrs. Sheehy scolds Candy from the sidelines. But the hound isn't worried. She'll earn more today than I'll take home in a month. I am ready to swap my notebook for a can of Alpo.

All morning they repeat the same scene, taking a break only long enough for Candy to waddle off in search of a hydrant. An audience begins to gather in the chilly studio. Some are friends of the crew, but many I talk to are fans, who heard that Steinberg would be filming a commercial. "I'm crazy about him," swoons a 15-year-old Ms. "I don't know why . . . he's not really sexy, but he's so-o-o funny. You know what I mean?" I do. Steinberg's charm—his lure—dangles just out of my grasp. He is funny. Very funny. But, like the adoring fan, I'm not sure why. After nearly two hours repeating the same sketch, his madcap psychiatrist is still breaking us up. By now the lines aren't funny, but his energy keeps the humor alive. Steinberg doesn't quit—he's always poised, ready for another go. I hear him complain only once. Candy's perfume, liberally sprayed between takes, annoys him. "She'd smell better if she borrowed a can of Mitchum from the fellow in bed," he says.

As we break for lunch after "Take 36," Arlyne Rothberg joins us. She is Steinberg's manager. "We're still working on Boston," she tells him. "But I don't think we can pull out of the Coliseum." Steinberg fills me in. There has been a mix-up and he is scheduled to play three concerts in two cities the next evening. One is booked in Long Island at the Nassau Coliseum outside New York City, and the other two, benefits for John Kerry, are in Boston. "This has never happened to me before," Steinberg says. He isn't clowning now. "I don't have many political commitments. But the ones I do keep are special to me. John Kerry is such a fine person, don't you think?" He's referring to the antiwar veteran who ran for Congress in Massachusetts last November. Charles Colson, former White House counsel, helped smear Kerry and succeeded; Kerry lost. "We've organized two concerts tomorrow to raise cash to pay back his campaign debts. John Denver, Tom Rush, Peter Yarrow—they're all flying in. I hear both shows are sold out." Steinberg is describing this with the same fervor he brought to the camera lens. He continues, talking now about the Long Island concert. "Meantime, some producer sold *ABC Wide World of Entertainment* a folk revival concert headlining Pete Seeger, the Weavers, Odetta and me. Well the first three aren't going to show now. The producer promises he'll find replacements. We're trying to get out of it, too. But I feel sorry for all the people who bought tickets expecting to see that show." Arlyne has a plan in case ABC won't agree to let them "out." Steinberg will rehearse at the Coliseum in the afternoon, then fly to Boston in time to work the first show, then fly back to Long Island to appear on stage for the folk revival.

Through lunch we talk about the morning's shooting. Steinberg is praising the director and the cameraman. "They're top people," he informs me. "Having the best makes all the difference." Someone tells him that Henny Youngman's son, Gary, will cut and piece the commercial. Steinberg is delighted. "Several years ago," he says, "I was appearing at The Hungry Eye in San Francisco. Henny was in the audience, so I introduced him. He bounded on stage and did 20 minutes' worth of one-liners." Steinberg begins to talk about how he himself scavenges the news for material. "Gerald Ford is the Dale Evans of Washington," he tells me. "And John Connally is the rare instance of a rat swimming towards a sinking ship."

Steinberg believes that the '70s will be the decade of the comic, that the world is crumbling and humor is our last foothold, that we have to laugh. "I wanted to be an actor back at the University of Chicago," he says suddenly. "My first role was Macbeth. I was terrible. The next morning the *Sun-Times* declared in bold type: 'AS MACBETH, MR. STEINBERG IS UNBELIEVABLE!'" Steinberg pulls out a cigar, unwraps it and looks for a match. Soon he is puffing away, enormously satisfied. "I love it!" he says, grinning.



37 THINGS YOU MAY WANT TO BUY, SELL OR BARTER IN NEW TIMES NEW NATIONWIDE CLASSIFIED AD SECTION OPENING FOR BUSINESS APRIL 19

1. Order a 1920 penny candy machine from a shop in St. Louis.
2. Sell fresh Florida oranges to a couple in Shaker Heights, Ohio.
3. Get a job as a creative thinker in Fresno, California—no experience necessary.
4. Buy an antique roll top desk from a retired legislator in North Carolina.
5. Sell your book on the hard evidence for life after death.
6. Support the "Impeach Nixon Drive" at a party in San Clemente.
7. Sell your services as a free-lance writer to a new magazine publisher in Austin.
8. Go on a backroads antique and auction weekend next time you visit Philadelphia.
9. Join the meal-of-the-month club in Denver.
10. Learn about the gay crisis and information line in New York.
11. Let people everywhere know you'll perform interfaith marriages.
12. Learn to scuba dive at home for fun and profit.
13. Trade the decoupage you created last year for a handmade Appalachian quilt.
14. Take a home course in car repair to get you through the Sunday shutdowns.
15. Sign up for an all singles Canadian moose hunt.
16. Get home-pickled pears from a nice grandmother in Portland.
17. Sell wild rice to a gourmet dinner club in Allentown, Pa.
18. Find a taker for your complete collection of LIFE magazines.
19. Start your own chess by mail game.
20. Swap your genius for building bookcases for a freebie "working" vacation in the Caribbean.
21. Get nationwide abortion information with one quick call.
22. Find an Aquarian Yoga studio for physical well-being and spiritual awareness.
23. Get out of your head and into body at a theatre workshop in Cincinnati.
24. Learn how to make gasoline out of trash from an inventor in Montclair, N.J.
25. Sell your 1820 Clementi Clavichord to a retired violinist in Boca Raton.
26. Buy a house-broken deer from a family in Oklahoma City.
27. Sell your collection of political campaign buttons to an eager dealer in Houston.
28. Have your puppy's personal astrological chart prepared by an expert in N.J.
29. Sell your authentic Grandfather Clock kits to do-it-themselfers from Maine to California.
30. Sail a three-masted Danish schooner from Martinique to wherever.
31. Buy your brass bed direct from the factory in West Virginia.
32. Find a collaborator for the Great American Musical Comedy.
33. Sell your 1967 Iso Grifo to a racing car nut in Pocatello.
34. Save $40-$50 on sheepskin coats from England.
35. Discover Easter Island on the one airline that's flying there twice as often this year.
36. Buy an antique broom-making machine from a gent in Tennessee.
37. Simply tell someone you love them.

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FINAL TRIBUTE

The godfather of Watergate

Murray Chotiner

By Lance Morrow

Murray Chotiner, who died not long ago, has the depressing fate to be remembered primarily as a facet of Richard Nixon's darker side—his original tempter, ancestor of General Haig's "sinister force," dat ole debbil Screwtape. Chotiner was there at the beginning, when Watergate was Foggy Bottom flatland. He counseled young Nixon to mix up Jerry Voorhis with the Communists, and later to print Helen Gahagan Douglas' House voting record on pink paper. There's no point in blaming the dirty tricks tradition on Dick Tuck, as Haldeman tried to do—Tuck was a political baby then. If Nixon needed a bad influence, for starters he had Chotiner.

So Chotiner was a sort of godfather of Watergate. He officially dropped out of Nixon's career in 1956, after a Senate committee started asking questions about some calls he had made to the White House in behalf of legal clients. But he came back in the last few years as a special counsel to the President. He was a principal in the milk deal. He hired a couple of agents to pose as reporters on George McGovern's campaign plane and send back intelligence reports. There was something fitting in Chotiner's being back with Nixon for the denouement.

It has always been difficult, of course, to tell who was contaminating whom during Nixon's long career. Nixon, with his black Irishman's will to destroy his enemies, has lately shown a talent for ruining his friends. Nearly everyone around him seems at least diminished—everyone except Henry Kissinger, and what with the Christmas bombing and some of those national security wiretaps, Kissinger does not entirely walk in the sunshine. But Chotiner—and after him people like Charles Colson and Haldeman and Ehrlichman and Rose Mary Woods—somehow disappeared into Nixon, and they will never again be anything but a part of Nixon, no matter how bloodily he labors now to cut himself free. At the moment the ballast he is throwing overboard is his own limbs.

There are times when I think that Nixon may almost have willed himself into Watergate out of some psychological necessity, a subconscious impulse to expose himself. And at the same time to aggrandise his dark hallucinations, his sense of conspiracy, his nightsweats, by turning us all into Nixons. If he has spent his political life in a peculiar relish of crisis, he has now succeeded in making us nearly as skittish and hag-ridden as he. *L'etat, c'est moi* indeed. Lacking Senate hearings, we watch *The Exorcist*, so addicted have we become to sinister explanations.

Nixon, meanwhile, grows lonelier and lonelier, reduced increasingly to the society of Ron Zeigler, Bebe Rebozo and Bob Abplanalp—which is an alarming thought in itself—and to trekking to the Lincoln Memorial to compare himself, since nobody else would think of it, to Abraham Lincoln. It may still be possible to indulge a sneaking sympathy for him. He does possess an international audacity along with his low cunning. Like an improbable Norman Mailer character, he has always ridden the existential edge of things, embraced danger in a brittle and strange combination of ambition and self-destructiveness. When he came back after 1962's humiliation in California, it was to prove something to himself, to walk the parapet like Rojack in *An American Dream*. Nixon came disastrously unequipped for his profession, in one sense, because he lacks any public touch. And the deficiency over the years has made him oddly misshapen. A vicious cycle, perhaps: the injuries of repudiation and reporters' contempt breeding a cynicism and fortress mentality, a warlord's infatuation with "security," which in turn tended to encourage repudiation and contempt.

And out of that, the Chotiner mentality—the public life pursued in a defensive secrecy, the "enemies" psychosis. Chotiner's Nixon may have been out of office so long during the '60s (the decade when he was making a pile and maniacs were taking over the country) that he was left incapable of distinguishing the lower forms of party politics—a downward spiral into the criminal—from presidential behavior. He can't say that Chotiner didn't warn him. In the mid-50s Chotiner had the ironic clarity to lay down a fundamental political rule: "The candidate must be clean, because the things we don't know, the opposition either knows, or will find out. . . ." ●

The Sergeant Major's "Measure."

One story of the Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.) which Kipling didn't filch for his own. About a civilized drink, born there, in the sunset of the Empire.

The Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.) is no more. It was managed by a much-decorated Sergeant Major, a career soldier of that peculiarly English type which held the "Thin Red Line" when sensible armies would have cut and run.

The Sergeant Major was a perfect prig and a stickler for details no ordinary man would notice. In the field, his fastidious self-discipline saved many lives. At the post, and at the Club itself, the Sergeant Major's superior manner was a bit of a trial. Once, in fact, it became insufferable.

At that time, the prize of the Club's cellars, and the Sergeant Major's pride and joy, was a truly wizard alcoholic tipple of his own devising. "Bruising" the drink or allowing it "to stale" were the most serious sins the native help could commit. Do either and the Sergeant Major sacked you.

Inevitably, there were complaints to the Board of Governors. Had it not been for the Sergeant Major's daring exploits in the recent business of the Thuggee Stranglers, the Board would have dismissed him summarily. As it was, they gave him a chance.

"Sergeant Major," said the Chief Governor, "describe the drill for a barman handling spirits."

"Don't muck the drink about or you'll bruise it. Don't leave it sit or you'll stale it."

"What are the chances, Sergeant Major, that an inexperienced hand could recognize a bruise on the drink or notice it had staled?"

"Not one in a million. Easier to sight a field-piece by eye and hit a shilling a mile off."

"But few men can hit anything with a field-piece unless they have a rangefinder."

"They haven't got instinct, sir, so we give them a way to measure instead."

"Instinct or not, Sergeant Major, give your men some way to measure when the spirits

are bruised or staled or we'll give you the sack. You have thirty days."

Thirty days! The Sergeant Major's grace period was nearly over, when one of the members noticed something odd.

"Sergeant Major," he said, "there are bubbles in my drink."

"I hope so, sir,"

"Where did the bubbles come from, Sergeant Major?"

"Put them in myself, sir. The bubbles are the measure that shows the spirits haven't been bruised or staled."

"Bubbles?"

"Yes, sir. Muck it about enough to bruise and you shake away the bubbles. Leave it long enough to stale and the bubbles go flat."

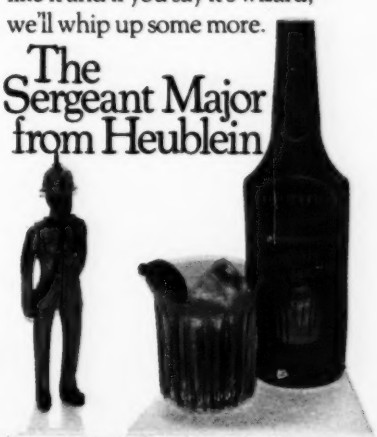
"What an extraordinary idea!"

This story kept cropping up between wars, but the Sergeant Major's original formula did not. Not long ago, however, we came across a recipe and whipped up a batch, just as a lark.

That's how we discovered that the Sergeant Major really had something. Now, if you're curious, you can have it too. (Minus the bubbles, the way it was at first.)

Before we dared bottle it we had to satisfy ourselves on one more point. Could we, in a careless moment, bruise or stale the drink, as so many others were supposed to have done in the past? Frankly, no. We punished the Sergeant Major's pride unmercifully. No matter what we did, however, the drink remained unchanged and unspoiled. If the Sergeant Major was watching us from the place to which old soldiers fade away, he probably had a good chuckle.

What's a Sergeant Major? That's our secret—ours and the old prig who invented it. Tart, crisp, crackling on the tongue, it's a perfect drink for the kind of day when only mad dogs and Englishmen would go out voluntarily. Let us know how you like it and if you say it's wizard, we'll whip up some more.



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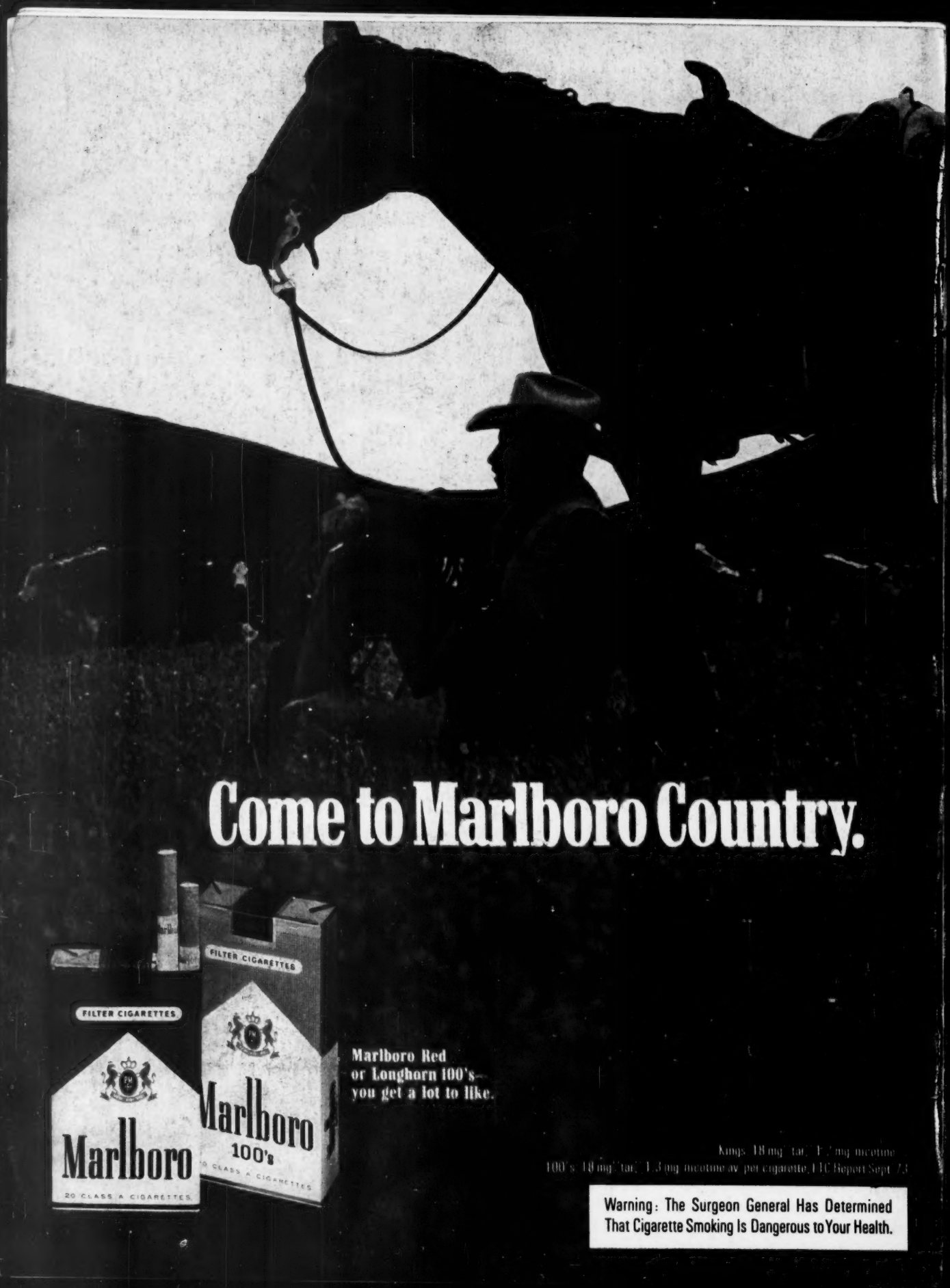
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